LETTERS

FROM THE

DUCHESS DE CRUI AND OTHERS,

ON

SUBJECTS MORAL AND ENTERTAINING,

WHEREIN THE

CHARACTER OF THE FEMALE SEX,

WITH

Their RANK, IMPORTANCE, and CONSEQUENCE

IS STATED,

AND

Their RELATIVE DUTIES in LIFE are enforced.

By A LADY,

VOL. III.

LONDON,

Printed for ROBSON, New Bond-Street; WALTER, Charing-Cross; and ROBINSON, Pater-noster Row.

MDCCLXXXI.

MUSEUM
S.S.B.
BRITANNICUM

S. S. Banks 1776.

LETTER XXV.

From the Ducheſs de CRUI, to Mrs. PIERPONT.

DEAR MADAM,

YOU aſk me what produces ſo many unhappy marriages? Do they not proceed (like all the other evils in life) from our paſſions gaining the aſcendency over our reaſon? The two great characteriſtics of the human mind, are reaſon and paſſion: in all our correſpondence have we not recommended the improvement and cultivation of the

former? I am convinced that in the production of the paſſions, there is a certain regular mechaniſm, which is ſuſceptible of as accurate a diſquiſition as the laws of any part of natural philoſophy. Did we make *this*, and the operations of nature in *mind* as well as in *matter*, our ſtudy, it would render us moderate in all our claims upon Providence. General principles would be eſtabliſhed, as alſo particular rules, whereby to judge individuals; and a kind of theory erected, in conformity with nature: by which means we ſhould be enabled to know ourſelves better, underſtand the moral world as well as the natural, and learn the amiable art of promoting happineſs, and avoiding miſery. The great uncertainty and inconſtancy ſo generally obſerved in mankind

kind is, doubtleſs, from the conduct of this paſſions; as all their fancies an dimaginations proceed from them, and not from the truth and reality of things; which being ſo changeable and irregular, can never produce regular ideas, any more than a *crooked* line can be the meaſure of a *ſtraight* one. Virtue requires the utmoſt force, application, and exerciſe of mind, both in order to its acquiſition and preſervation. Juſt ſentiments are not to be acquired without our utmoſt labour and induſtry; nor to be preſerved but by unwearied diligence; without which we muſt make a thouſand miſtakes in the management of our affections and averſions, fatal to our preſent tranquility and future happineſs: for we cannot forbear to love and hate according as our friends are impreſſed with ob-

jects; and if we are deceived, we ſhall love where we ſhould hate, and hate where we ſhould love. Thus it is from ignorance we make falſe judgments of one another. One man is praiſed for his *patience*, becauſe by nature he is not prone to *anger*; and another is condemned for his *warmth*, becauſe he happens to be more choleric in his conſtitution. In this manner, mankind attribute to the will, what ariſes from want of power; and condemn that in one perſon, they commend in another. While men look upon things ſuperficially, and do not examine into their cauſes, this muſt ever be the caſe. Hence a miſerable hypochondriac ſhall labour under a double diſeaſe; the internal one of his own bad feelings, and the external torment of hatred and reproach. For how many are there, who

who will not allow ſuch a ſufferer to have any diſeaſe, but contemptuouſly call it whim, vapours, &c. Such a judgment is not only unjuſt, but cruel: his diſorder may no more ſuffer him to be merry, than the gout will permit another to dance. The adviſing ſuch a man to be chearful, is like bidding a coward be courageous, a dwarf be taller, or to love where one feels indifference.

All hearts alike, all faces cannot move,
There is a ſecret ſympathy in love;
The pow'rful load-ſtone cannot move a ſtraw,
No more than hay the trembling needle draw.

SEDLEY's Antony and Cleopatra.

Is not the proper province of reaſon to inveſtigate the nature of things? for our affection and averſion always attending upon our eſteem and diſeſteem, if theſe

be built upon a falſe foundation, the others will be fixed upon wrong objects. Ignorance and miſtake are fatal in the choice of good and evil: it therefore becomes neceſſary for every man to be able to diſtinguiſh between the one and the other; to examine what conſequences will ariſe from our acting in any particular manner, to point out the beſt means of obtaining an end: and, in conſequence to check his temper, taſte, and paſſions. But theſe muſt ſtill be the impelling principles of action; as life without the paſſions would not only be joyleſs and inſipid, but quickly ſtagnate and be at an end. So juſt is the obſervation of the poet,

So man is form'd, nought miniſters delight,
But what his glowing paſſions can engage.

YOUNG's Night Thoughts.

The

The gratifications which affluence, extent of power, ſuperior or agreeable talents confer, muſt always by their own nature be confined to a very ſmall number of people. But if we preſerve ourſelves innocent, free from the ſenſe of guilt, and live in the practice of truth; get a ſteady, well-grounded, and firm belief, that all things and events are under the controul and direction of an almighty, wiſe, and good Being, in whoſe hands we are; it will enable us to maintain a conſtant eveneſs and preſence of mind; a certain ſuperiority of ſoul, and poſſeſſion of ourſelves. It will lead us to conform ourſelves in our actions to our condition of life, to acquire a habit of application in uſeful employments, to cultivate in ourſelves a principle of univerſal benevolence; and to prepare

and fortify our minds againſt common and inevitable calamities of life.

Now, if we conſider the matter, we ſhall diſcover that life, unhappy as it appears, does not neceſſarily produce the great evils we think fit to lament. The mortifications we meet with, proceed more from our ſanguine diſpoſitions, which lead us to expect what is not to be found, than from the miſeries we daily encounter. Does it not become neceſſary for us to contract our views within the circle of preſent probabilities, if we would inſure to ourſelves, that felicity we can only have a right to expect from thoſe perſons or things in whom, or in which, we place our happineſs; and to attain ſuch juſt ideas of what we are to expect from every one, that we may never be mortified in not finding incompatible qualities in the

ſame

ſame perſon. Let us alſo reflect that all advantages are attended with diſadvantages. An univerſal compenſation prevails in all conditions of being and exiſtence; and it is ſcarce poſſible for us, by our moſt chimerical wiſhes, to form the idea of a ſtation or ſituation altogether deſirable.* Do not people therefore ſhow great weakneſs in deſiring that all ſhould be good in the world, without any alloy of evil.

This is indeed impoſſible, for as good and evil are contraries, it is neceſſary that, by an oppoſition and a certain counterpoiſe, they ſupport and fortify each other. Health, pleaſure, and competency, being the firſt and principal intent

* In Plautus's Amphitryo, Alcemena's ſoliloquy is a juſt expoſition, how the pains in human life overbalance our pleaſures, and how cloſely our joys are purſued by grief.

of

of nature; ſickneſs, pain, and other evils entered conſequently, and were but to recommend the other. Virtue therefore, was what nature bleſſed us with; vice came along as its contrary. For one contrary is an argument of another oppoſite to it, as *cold* of *heat*, *darkneſs* of *light*, *death* of *life*, and ſo of innumerable others. In Klim's ſubterraneous voyage, a people are mentioned that were ſubject to no diſeaſes, yet did not look upon themſelves as happy, becauſe their health was conſtant; nor did they even obſerve they were healthy, becauſe they knew not what ſickneſs was, and therefore lived in an uninterrupted ſtate of indifference. Forgetfulneſs is alſo neceſſary to remembrance. Ideas are retained by renovation, of that impreſſion which time is always wearing away, and which new images are trying to obliterate.

Socrates

Socrates ſays, he wondered why Æſop never contrived a fable, in which the divinity was introduced, connecting the extremities of pleaſure and pain; (ſince they cannot come together) and making the beginning of the one, the end of the other; becauſe we never know the full reliſh of pleaſure, but when pain has preceded it.

Who never faſts, no banquet e'er enjoys;
Who never toils or watches, never ſleeps.

Sick people have pleaſure from being relieved from their ſickneſs; and we never eſteem fair weather, until we have experienced foul. The Pſalmiſt ſays, *Surely the wrath of man ſhall praiſe thee: the remainder of wrath ſhalt thou reſtrain.*

However, the author of the *Fable of the Bees*, deſerves to be highly condemned for carrying this opinion too far; as he undertakes to defend vices, and

ſhow

ſhow their neceſſity in ſociety. In the article of natural bad things, his doctrine may perhaps be tenable; but to ſuppoſe vice or immorality neceſſary in a ſtate, is an abſurd and derogatory notion, fitter for a kingdom of darkneſs, than human ſociety. Mr. Bayle has alſo deduced arguments from the *Manicheans*, to this purpoſe, with ſo much ſubtlety, as to have alarmed many well-intentioned people. He ſeems to have combated certain opinions, only becauſe they were generally received.

Our taſtes and diſpoſitions are various, and produce good effects in the world. One Lady pities another for living in town all the year round; who in return, pities her for being in the country; neither are to be lamented, if they are both pleaſed. I do not even pity the Ruſſian Ladies, who beg a beating of their huſbands, if they reliſh ſuch a paſtime.

paſtime. Thoſe things ſuit every perſon beſt, which are moſt agreeable to them.

Whatever is good or bad for us, in our own eſtimation and experience, is good or bad in reality, and imaginary illneſs is as real to a perſon as imaginary honour to the poſſeſſor. Yet moſt people are for moulding happineſs according to their own ideas, and treat it as Procruſtes did ſtrangers, whom he fitted to a bed which he kept as the neceſſary ſtandard; cutting off the legs of thoſe whoſe height exceeded the length of it, and ſtretching on the rack ſuch as were ſhort of it. In marriage, the old are generally governed in their choice for the young, by the thing on earth that has the leaſt to do with love, intereſt; while the young are too often miſled (by their own unſuſpecting truth and inexperience) into

into a reliance on the falſeſt pretenſions, under the ſeducing maſk of that paſſion. If parents would have young people to look *forward*, in order to be wiſer and better by their advice, it would be proper for them to look *backward*, and allow for their childrens youth and natural vivacity—in other words, for their lively hopes, unabated by time, unaccompanied by reflection, and unchecked by diſappointment. Unhappy ſex that we are, commonly doomed to the fatal alternative of being ſacrificed or betrayed!

Firſt bid phyſicians preach our veins to temper,
And with an argument new ſet a pulſe;
Then think of reaſoning into love.

The Revenge.

Parents ſhould never violate thoſe hearts they have only a right to guide, as it is impoſſible for us to love with other people's affections. The heart cannot

not expand or contract itſelf at their pleaſure, nor can paſſion be reſtrained by their commands. If parents would but weigh a loathſome horror againſt the diſpatch of a moment's pain, they would allow that the ſacrifices of infants to Moloch, in the vale of Hinnon, were tender mercies, compared to the ſufferings to which they doom their innocent children, by making them the victims of Mammon.

For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of diſcord, and continual ſtrife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliſs,
And is a pattern of celeſtial peace.

We ſee under the Moſaical law, the maid that had made any vow, was not ſuffered to perform it, unleſs ſhe had the parent's conſent. But the laws of the Chriſtians ſet us free from the Moſaical laws. The crime of diſobedience to parents, I however, rate very high, and look

look upon it as a crime, like that of murder, which ſeldom paſſes with impunity even in this life*.

Thoſe are moſt likely to find happineſs in the marriage ſtate, who live ſingle till the age of fancy is over. But as it is a point of the greateſt conſequence, whereon depends not only the temporal, but eternal happineſs of thoſe who enter into it; they would do well to conſider it with the greateſt attention. Great is the hazard of a miſtake, and irretrievable its effects!

You remember the Poet ſays,

Let ſtill the woman take
An elder than herſelf, ſo wears ſhe to him,
So ſways the level in her huſband's heart.
For, boy, however we do prize ourſelves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, ſooner loſt and won,
Than women's are.

* Read the Fifth Commandment.

The

The ſame poet ſays again,

Young men's love then lies,
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

When a young lady is ſolicited to enter into this ſtate; and when various competitors differently ſituated, poſſeſſed of the moſt oppoſite qualifications, contend for her preference, ſhe often finds herſelf much embarraſſed. Ambition pulls one way, inclination a ſecond, wealth a third, and ſometimes reaſon operates in oppoſition to all of them. In ſuch a perturbation of mind, all the paſſions whiſper their counſels; but as each of them have their peculiar intereſts, each ſhould therefore be ſuſpected. If among the various ſituations which offer themſelves, and the numerous inevitable evils which attend and threaten her; if ſhe be intelligent

and accurate in ſelecting one and rejecting others, ſhe will be at once diſcreet in uſing the means to attain happineſs, and in avoiding miſery. But if ſhe acts from a complication of views, and will not only be *happy* but *rich*, *elevated* but *reſpected*, and attempt to poſſeſs every thing that has a value ſet upon it by the world; the natural condition of our life will prove inadequate to her expectations, and ſhe will live in miſery and die in repentance. But theſe maxims muſt be inculcated by a judicious mother, before the heart is influenced in favour of any particular object. In order to paſs a right judgment, it is neceſſary to have unbiaſſed affections. When paſſion ſpeaks, the ſtill voice of reaſon is ſeldom heard; the firſt impreſſions cannot be eraſed in a ſoul endued with too great a degree of ſen-

ſenſibility; and muſt conſequently preclude a cool and rational choice.

When once we begin to deliberate between love and reaſon, the laſt ſeldom prevails. If we ſincerely deſire to get the better of an inclination, that is yet in our power to overcome, we muſt break off all converſation with our hearts; diffidence of our own ſtrength is the beſt means to preſerve our liberty. It is almoſt needleſs to take notice, a young woman ſhould be very careful not to fix her affections, till ſhe is convinced ſhe may grant her eſteem. I ſhall ſay no more on this ſubject. I believe too great ſenſibility occaſions all the miſeries of our ſex; and the firſt impreſſions of this kind ſhould be greatly guarded againſt. Any woman who ſuppoſes ſhe has been under the influence of this

paſſion more than once, is deceived. If one impreſſion takes entire poſſeſſion of the ſoul, there is not the ſmalleſt void for any other, even though the object ſhould be removed by death, or dead to us, in forſaking us. You will ſee, in Lady Filmer's ſyſtem of education (which you will find in the family narrative) the advantages of a religious education, and the bad effects of having the heart too much ſoftened, or the conſtitution rendered weak by delicacy; and that, to obtain happineſs, our bodies and minds muſt be neceſſarily hardened, to prepare us for all events. But as love is the ſtrongeſt paſſion, it is much to be feared thoſe once affected by it, will not attend to any other conſiderations. A young lady is eaſier prevailed on by having her heart ſoftened,

than

than her judgment convinced; and is very ingenious in flattering herſelf, that the force of ſympathy, the fatality of an inſurmountable inclination, has induced her to make, what ſhe is afterwards reduced to own was an improper choice. In ſhort, reflection commonly is only admiſſible when the bad conſequences of an unhappy union, renders the truth palpable to the parties. The mind yields to neceſſity, and being then conſcious of the defects of its judgment, is open to conviction, and eager to leſſen its miſeries, by reconciling them to fate *.

* I beg leave to recommend, as a treatiſe of inеſtimable value, Dr. Lucas's Inquiry after Happineſs; the reading of which muſt afford a refined pleaſure; and were the ſentiments of this entertaining and pathetic writer wove into the very texture of the heart, (Mr. Hervey ſays) it would be a ſubſtantial happineſs.

I ſhall therefore introduce to you, in my next, ſome living inſtances of miſery in the connubial ſtate, to whom I ſhall grant my *ſage advice*. They will illuſtrate my ſubject, by proving that moſt of the miſeries we ſuffer in this life, proceed from the incompatibility of human wiſhes; and from our minds not being properly regulated, or our taſtes adapted to that ſituation of life we find ourſelves in, or have ſelected to paſs our days in.

Does it not ariſe from this, what Horace ſays, "That no one is content with his own condition?" The word Happineſs has as many various meanings as there are tempers and conſtitutions. To confine it then to any taſte, paſſion, or mode of life, is the greateſt abſurdity. But this I can aver,

it

it is to be found in every ſituation, if we are careful to cultivate our diſpoſitions for receiving it. There are no evils inſupportable, but what proceeds from a conſciouſneſs of error. Duty and happineſs are ſo cloſely linked together, that the performance of the one does naturally draw the other after it; for as it is our duty, gratefully to adore the great God for all his bleſſings, and contentedly to ſubmit to all his diſpenſations, ſo it is a pleaſure to be grateful and contented; but he that is diſcontented can never be grateful, nor he that is contented, miſerable.

How far my introducing theſe ladies (who are to appear in my three following letters to illuſtrate this ſubject,) the hearing their lamentations, and giving them my advice, may be proper in

epiſtolary writing, I know not. Were I writing for the world, I might be haunted by the *Reviewers*, who are courted by modern poets inſtead of the *Muſes*, which makes ſo many of them intolerable; but I aſpire higher, I mean to pleaſe *you*, who have been like Sappho, equalled to a tenth Muſe and a fourth *Grace*. I ever am, my dear Mrs. Pierpont,

yours, affectionately

and truly,

ELIZA DE CRUI.

LETTER XXVI.

From the Ducheſs De Crui, to Mrs. Pierpont.

DEAR MADAM,

AGREEABLE to the plan laid down in my laſt, I ſhall introduce you ſix ladies, in different ſituations, whom I ſhall converſe with in your preſence.

Your paſſion was to be rich, you married a man you deſpiſed, and whoſe intrinſic worth is centered in his wealth: which gave charms even to deformity, transformed Hymen into Mammon, and the God of love into a ſatyr. Content yourſelf then with his riches, enjoy it, cultivate your taſte for thoſe advantages it can produce; and let theſe conſole you

you for the loſs of every thing you have ſacrificed for it. Have recourſe to the principles of your determination: you had other offers; you have therefore examined, compared, choſen, and regreted. Be firm to this deciſion of your own judgment, and do not act inconſiſtently, by repining you do not poſſeſs what you did not purchaſe. If the vices, if the follies of your huſband, ſhould become every day more and more intolerable to you, it will be in vain for you to regret the tranquility, the peace, the tender affection, endearing attention, or confidential intercourſe, which might have diſtinguiſhed your days, had you been united to a man of merit. In the height of your deſpair, you exclaim! "Was it for this, my amiable mother nurtured me with ſuch care, and cultivated in me, every idea replete with honour, enlivened by

by ſentiment, and corrected with tenderneſs? Alas! theſe embelliſhments do now but add to my miſery, in rendering me more ſenſible of the wretchedneſs of my ſtate. The man I am chained to, is ſo far from poſſeſſing ſenſibility or taſte, that he is dead to every impreſſion of merit; and modeſty, which might have endeared me to a man of delicacy, renders me hateful to this libertine; who, by the indecency of his diſcourſe, is continually offending againſt the ſenſations of a virtuous mind. While I regret the loſs of intellectual enjoyment, my regret is ſtrengthened by the direful effects of its privation on him. Mutual eſteem is as neceſſary in the married ſtate, as mutual affection; neither of which I enjoy. What is pomp, equipage, or ſplendour, compared with ſuch ſeraphic ſenſations dwelling in the human heart?

Will

Will the blaze of diamonds atone for the deficiency of this paſſion? Will the gold of Ophir, melted into one maſs, weigh againſt the raptures of uniting hearts, warmed with ſentiment and truth?

As this man's character was well known before you married him, can you have now any juſt reaſon of complaint, eſpecially as you have not even the excuſe of partiality to plead for his perſon? Recollect your own ſordid ſelfiſh views; your prevailing paſſion has been gratified, and you will pardon me, for queſtioning whether you would relinquiſh the advantages of your *wealth*, to be reſtored again to your liberty. Miſs Aitchen favours us with the following paſſage from one of Lucian's Dialogues. Jupiter complains to Cupid, that though he had ſo many intrigues, he was never

ſincerely beloved: "In order to be beloved, ſays Cupid, you muſt lay aſide your ægis and your thunderbolts; you muſt curl and perfume your hair, place a garland on your head, and walk with a ſoft ſtep, and aſſume a winning obſequious deportment." "But, replied Jupiter, I am not willing to reſign ſo much of my dignity." "Then, returns Cupid, leave off deſiring to be loved." He wanted to be Jupiter and Adonis at the ſame time: as you do to be *rich* and *happy*. What right had you to expect that a miracle was to be performed in your favour? you knew well that the wretch to whom you have allied yourſelf, forſook humanity, and every genial feeling of an upright and honeſt heart, in the acquiſition of that fortune, which you wiſhed to poſſeſs, and have obtained, and which has ſince pampered the

the vices which diſguſt you. If he enumerates the ſpoils of his victories in—*, are they not covered with the blood of the vanquiſhed! Did he give peace and happineſs to the conquered! Did he accept the gifts of their princes, to uſe them for the comfort of thoſe whoſe fathers, ſons, or huſbands, were maſſacred! Did he uſe his power to gain ſecurity and freedom to the regions of oppreſſion and ſlavery! Did he endear the Britiſh name by examples of generoſity! Did he return with the conſciouſneſs of his duty diſcharged to his country, and humanity to his fellow-creatures! If he was deficient in all this, what manner of right had you to expect tenderneſs and affection from him! You might with the ſame propriety look for the ſenſitive plant in a bed

* See Langhorn's Effuſions of Friendſhip and Fancy.

of

of nettles, and then complain you are ſtung by them. But you need not be upbraided for the folly of your election, ſince your own experience is but too ſevere a monitor. Debaſement is the child of pride. All that remains for you now, is to render yourſelf as eaſy as poſſible; it is your duty to ſooth the melancholy diſpoſition your huſband will be in (when alone), from a recollection of his crimes. Perhaps, by uſing your influence judiciouſly, you may yet have it in your power to humaniſe his paſſions, and refine his pleaſures: but your good ſenſe will tell you that there is ſo much pride interwoven with the heart of man, that his obſtinacy will never condeſcend to receive any more than a hint from a wife. A huſband is more likely to be praiſed into *virtue*, than rallied out of *vice*; and the moſt eſſential point in the art of leading others, is to con-

conceal from them that they are led at all. If he reforms, and thinks the world gives him the credit of it, in a ſhort time he will believe it proceeded from his own will and inclinations, which will inſure his conſtancy in it. Every method is laudable on your part, to reclaim your huſband, except an affectation of fondneſs for him: this would be a profanation of love; and a woman capable of ſuch abject deceit, I ſhould look upon as capable of the moſt determined baſeneſs. If his crimes have hardened him, it will be in vain for you to attempt his reformation: but while you lament his depravity, you are left at liberty to ſpend your own time as you think proper. The gratifications of ſociety, and the ſecrecy of ſolitude, are now equally in your power; pleaſe yourſelf and be content. If gaiety and diſſipation are your purſuits;

ſuits; it cannot be denied that they are ſlight counterpoiſes for domeſtic felicity: but as the latter is entirely out of your reach, you ſhould endeavour to make yourſelf eaſy. It is your own judgment alone that muſt lead you to obtaining that tranquility: which you may poſſibly find in the exulting joy of ſuccouring virtue in diſtreſs, merit in indigence and obſcurity; in wiping tears from the eyes of affliction, and in making *the widow's heart to leap for joy*. The ſerene complacency which ſprings in a good mind, on the exertion of benevolent principles, cannot be deſcribed; like the peace of God, it paſſeth knowledge. The Poet ſays,

It is a joy poſſeſs'd by few indeed!
Dame Fortune has ſo many fools to feed,
She cannot oft afford, with all her ſtore,
To yield her ſmiles, where nature ſmil'd before.

To ſinking worth a cordial hand to lend;
With better fortune to ſurpriſe a friend;
To chear the modeſt ſtranger's lonely ſtate;
Or ſnatch an orphan family from fate;
To do, poſſeſs'd with virtue's nobleſt fire,
Such gen'rous deeds, as we with tears admire.

ARMSTRONG.

Thus you may evince the reality of your feelings, whilſt it is in vain for others in leſs affluent circumſtances to manifeſt their benevolence as they wiſh. Thus alſo, may you turn your huſband's (ill-acquired) periſhable goods of fortune, into real bleſſings.

Wealth not only gilds the preſent moments as they paſs; but like the ſun, conſtantly ſupplies thoſe rays which cheriſh all on whom they fall, and conſtitutes an uninterrupted ſeries of felicity in the boſom of that perſon from whom they proceed: whilſt, on the contrary, the weight of poverty not only diſtreſſes a perſon for the preſent, but may perhaps

haps prevent him from emerging into happineſs, and others from participating of that benevolence, which warrants the means of exemplifying its ſincerity. What muſt the poor man ſuffer, when the eye of friendſhip becomes inverted by his misfortunes in the world, and where he looks in vain around him for the benevolence of ſympathy, and the conſolations of human attachment."

The firſt lady being diſmiſſed, permit me to introduce another.

"You married a coxcomb becauſe he flattered you; as you liked to diſcover yourſelf in your loves, and to continue to admire yourſelf in the perſon of your adorer. You therefore rejected, for his ſake, a man of worth and good ſenſe, who been long attached to you. You are now ſenſible of your error. Your

huſband has ceaſed to regard you, and has already other attachments. " Alas, you ſay, for ſome time he neither loved, hated, talked, nor thought, in contradiction to me: he was controlled by a nod, mortified by a frown, and tranſported by a ſmile. I indulged the deluſion till it appeared a reality; and my ſanguine imagination converted ſhadows into ſubſtances. I am now puniſhed for my folly; the dream is vaniſhed, and I awake only to be ſenſible to the temporary deceit, and to feel the miſery of my ſituation. Why did I refuſe being placed in an eligible ſituation of life by a man of worth, who never indeed flattered me; as a military man, knew too much of death to be killed by a *frown*, but the full value of a *ſmile*; and proved by his whole conduct that I was neceſſary to his happineſs, expecting

pecting to find in me a ſenſible woman and an agreeable friend.—But I ever felt for him a timidity that aſtoniſhed, as much as it perplexed me. It was impoſſible for me to ſpeak to him without an emotion that never left me room to hope that I ſhould have the freedom of mind neceſſary to enable me clearly to expreſs my thoughts to him; with the man I married I was perfectly at my eaſe; I thought he loved me better; and, alas! I am too late convinced of the real ſituation of my heart: I did not know that timidity is inſeparable from love; and the high idea I had of his judgment and good ſenſe made me dread his diſapprobation: can there be a miſery in the world equal to that of ſtanding low in the eſteem of thoſe who poſſeſs our affections? No other man was ever maſter of his attractions, gentleneſs of man-

ners, and rectitude of heart; to be inſipidly eaſy, and to be free from the pangs of regret, would be a conſummate happineſs to what I feel. But the reſolution of forgetting him renders him ſtill dearer to me, and I have attached myſelf to him by renouncing him. I exhauſt myſelf in fruitleſs efforts; my ſufferings are great, but are only known to myſelf. Our affections are not in our own power, it is our actions only that we are accountable for; and I can juſtify my own. Provided I do not commit any imprudence, there can be no juſt reaſon of complaint againſt me. It is only my misfortune to be weak; and I dare be unhappy. Alas, how different is he from the fop I married! Evils, ſelf-cauſed, admit not of palliation or comfort. My huſband's behaviour to me already, reſembles

ſembles the hurricanes of Jamaica; to the reſt of the ſex, as gentle as the breath of zephyrs. At home, I believe, huſbands make themſelves amends for the uneaſy reſtraint which they put on their tempers abroad; for, I have obſerved the more gay or good-humoured my huſband hath at any time been in company, the more ſullen and moroſe he was ſure to be with me at our next meeting. Can delicate minds be united to each other but by delicate obſervances? Affection or eſteem between man and wife once forfeited, hardly ever is recovered. The ſound arguments I could oppoſe to his ridiculous ideas, are too high for his underſtanding; and to diſpute with him, would be to check an *earthquake*, or to exclaim againſt *thunder*. He is as ſheepiſh to men of wit, as he is aſſuming with men

of little underſtanding. He diſcourſes of *war* to a *clergyman*, of *fortification* and *mathematics* to a *lawyer*, and of *philoſophy* to an *officer*. His barren capacity has enabled him to arrive no further than at the moſt ſuperficial attainments, wherein to do juſtice to ſuch kind of individuals, nature makes them ſome kind of amends, by generally qualifying them to ſurpaſs their ſuperiors in every other reſpect. His vivacity, which, properly applied, might have been true wit, has degenerated into impertinence; and a conſciouſneſs of underſtanding, which he never exerts, has rendered him conceited. Thoſe talents which nature beſtowed on him, by being perverted, have given riſe to his greateſt faults; his reaſoning faculty, by a partial and ſuperficial uſe, has led him to infidelity; and the deſire of being thought ſuperiorly diſtinguiſhed,

guiſhed, has eſtabliſhed him an infidel." —As it is in vain for you now to regret a felicity which you rejected when in your power, it is abſolutely neceſſary for your peace, to forget (if poſſible) that ſuch an opportunity had ever offered itſelf to you; as ſuch recollections muſt inevitably ſour your temper. We are very apt to make a few men of ſuperior talents the ſtandard, when we judge of others; but it is dangerous, it is unjuſt: by this we are led to ſet an over-value on the firſt, and to under-rate the real merit of the laſt. Make no compariſons between the things you enjoy, and thoſe that are denied you, but by a candid view of many others, who pine in want, diſtreſs, and miſery; be grateful to Providence that you ſtill have ſome remaining comforts.

An emperor of Japan, being born under the ſuppoſed conſtellation of a *dog*, conceived ſuch an affection for the canine ſpecies, that he ordered, whenever a dog died, the owner of him ſhould carry the carcaſs to a certain burying-ground appointed for that purpoſe. As a gentleman was one day ſweating under the load of a dead dog, and complaining of the hardſhip of the order; his friend, to comfort him ſaid, "We have reaſon to thank God, that the emperor was not born under a horſe, for a horſe would have been a much heavier burthen." In this manner a mind may be ſoothed in actual misfortunes. If your huſband makes you tremble, be thankful he does not make you quake.

Turenne, among the acknowledgments which he uſed to pay in converſation, to the memory of thoſe by whom he was

was inſtructed in the art of war, mentioned one with honour, who taught him not to paſs his time in regretting any misfortune which he had brought on himſelf, but immediately to repair and obviate it. Fooliſh people are more apt to conſider what they have *loſt*, than what they *poſſeſs*; by which they render themſelves unhappy and diſagreeable to all thoſe they aſſociate with. A diſappointment in love has been obſerved to be more difficult to ſubdue than any other; the paſſion itſelf ſo ſoftens and ſubdues the heart, that it is unable to ſuſtain the ſhock; whereas the mind meets other misfortunes with her whole ſtrength, and can repel their force.

It is in conſequence of this, that many women are hurried to their graves, by a diſeaſe not mentioned in the weekly bills—*a broken heart*. Any thing of this kind,

kind, always makes a deeper impreſſion on a female mind, than on the other ſex; as the leſs liberty they have of ſhowing their diſſatisfaction outwardly, the more intenſe it is within.

But grievances of this nature are only to be breathed in the ſofteſt whiſpers to the object, and are impenetrable to every one elſe. Tenderneſs is never ſo expreſſed; it is indeed, deeply ſenſible of unkindneſs, but it cannot be unkind; it may ſubſiſt with anger, but not with contempt; it may be weakened, or even killed by ingratitude, but it cannot be changed into hatred. Nothing can be a greater antidote to affection, than ſuch behaviour, or than the cauſe of it, which in reality is nothing but pride, though you would fain perhaps, attribute it to tenderneſs and delicacy. There are ſome things of

ſo

ſo delicate a nature, that they ought not to be truſted to any body. Married people ſhould not expoſe themſelves, even to their beſt friends, who will remember diſagreeable things, when the parties themſelves have forgot them.

Your *real* ſufferings you brought on yourſelf, by rejecting a man of worth, whom you knew ſo little of your own heart, as to be ignorant you loved; your *imaginary* ſufferings from your huſband only piques your pride. But does it not wound your heart? We pardon every thing where we love, and we can never put any *other* in competition, one inſtant, with the *real* object of our affections. You muſt now be content to exchange your ideas of romantic felicity, into the real cares of life. There are few ſo fortunate as to be married to the man of their heart; and if they were,

how

how often would they find the ſatisfaction reſulting from thence, fall ſhort of their expectations. Thoſe who expect to Strephon and Phyllis *it* away all their lives, know very little of the world or the nature of man. The poet ſays,

> We muſt think men are not Gods;
> Nor of them look for ſuch obſervance always,
> As fits the bridal.

From what does your diſappointments proceed? From your own ignorance, in expecting *what* was *not* to be found. It is *fancy*, not the *reaſon* of things, which renders life ſo uneaſy to us. It is not the place, not the condition, but the mind alone which can render any perſon happy or miſerable. You ſhould keep your mind buſy, no fine lady had ever more occaſion to exclude thought.

Avoid

Avoid the man's company, who is too intereſting for your peace; and never forget that there are trials, to which even Virtue would do well never to expoſe herſelf. How dangerous it is to imagine, which the conſciouſneſs of your own innocence prompts you to do, that your actions are in your power; therefore you may ſee this man with impunity. In avoiding him, you will render yourſelf invulnerable to all the reſt of mankind.

Reaſon and piety, when united, are very prevalent, and with their aſſiſtance you will reſtrain your affection within the bounds of friendſhip; it is almoſt a matter of indifference to happineſs, whether high paſſions are *gratified* or *ſubdued*. The ſoul is pleaſed with its efforts, and provided it is exerted, it ſignifies little though its activity ſhould be turned againſt itſelf.

We

We muſt always have ſomething to be the foundation of ſelf-applauſe. It is only for weak minds, like weak conſtitutions, not to expel the poiſon they have once imbibed. But your eſtabliſhed ſuperiority to that claſs, furniſhes you not with that excuſe.

You are eaſy in your circumſtances, no envenomed ſhaft has been let fly againſt your reputation; and your huſband treats you with apparent civility. The very beſt policy you can adopt, is to appear ignorant of his infidelities, which may induce him ſtill to ſome terms of condeſcenſion; on the contrary, did he know you were undeceived, you would ſave him the trouble of wearing a maſk; and your own life, from that inſtant, would be a varied ſcene of mortifications.

A woanm

A woman diveſted of paſſion, can accommodate herſelf with facility to all ſorts of diſpoſitions and humours. The duties of a wife vary with the diſpoſitions of her huſband. As your's has a *gay turn*, you ſhould appear always *chearful* and *eaſy*: hard taſk perhaps to an ingenuous mind! yet prudence has ſupported many perſons in this attempt. Philoſophy conſiſts in an application of its dictates to immediate ſituation, and calls upon us to give a proof of its efficacy by our practice. In the heathen ſolemnization of marriage, ſacrifices were offered to Juno, who preſided over it. The *gall* of the *victim* was thrown behind the altar, to ſhow that no bitterneſs ought to exiſt between married perſons. It is true that your huſband is a conſummate coxcomb, but he is not more

ſo now than he was before, when you (ſlighted the man of your heart, and) gave him your hand. As you were then *blind* to his imperfections, it is your duty now to be *indulgent* to his weakneſſes. It is infinitely more amiable in our ſex to ſubmit, and to alleviate misfortunes by relaxations, inſtead of paſſing our whole life in lamenting them. Paſſions are always encreaſed by oppoſition; our very ſufferings endear us to thoſe who are the occaſion of them. You ſhould therefore endeavour to amuſe yourſelf, and keep your mind conſtantly exerciſed. That one happineſs is denied you, is but a bad reaſon for rejecting all others. The poet ſays,

Admit one only care;
Diverſions, hurry, and a reſtleſs life.
ARMSTRONG.

It

It matters not whether your good-humour be conſtrued into *inſenſibility*, or even *ideotiſm*, by the world. It will be a happineſs to yourſelf, and it would be exceſs of imbecillity to meaſure your felicity by what the world thinks of it.

The French are to be admired for their chearful acquieſcence in all conditions, which is ſuch, that it muſt be a ſevere ſtroke which ruffles their equanimity; amidſt the moſt induſtrious care for *to-morrow*, they never fail to enjoy *to-day*; and the ſame hilarity is ſeen in the camp, court, and village, as if the whole nation were upon a par, and every man at the ſummit of his wiſhes.

Theſe are the flowers ſtrewed in our paths, and worth gathering, though not ſubſtantially valuable; and if the purſuit of them does not draw us out of the

right road to happineſs, they may ſerve to amuſe us, and keep the mind from a ſtate of ſtagnation.

This alſo will inſenſibly bring about a happy effect in your conduct. The tranſition from external modes of complaiſance and condeſcenſion, in matters of ſmall moment, to obedience and ſubmiſſion in eſſential points, will in proceſs of time, without much difficulty, be completely accompliſhed; from that natural proneneſs to analogy and correſpondence ſo powerfully ſubſiſting between all our actions. I ever am,

my dear friend,

your affectionate

humble ſervant,

ELIZA DE CRUI.

LETTER XXVII.

From the Same, to the Same.

DEAR MADAM,

I Am happy you were pleaſed with my laſt, which encourages me to re-aſſume the ſubject.—"You are poſſeſſed of exquiſite ſenſibility and good ſenſe. You reſiſted every attention from the gay, the giddy, and the frivolous; perceiving the deficiencies of their judgments, and ignorant of the ſtrength of your own, you was unwilling to enter life without a guide, whoſe judgment was equal to the deſire that he might naturally be ſuppoſed to have, to conduct you through all the various paths in which you might be obliged to walk. An aſſiſtance you had always expected from

a huſband, and thought even a neceſſary part of that character. You therefore reſigned your hand with joy to an agreeable man, whoſe underſtanding and philoſophy, you flattered yourſelf, would ſecure your happineſs; and would procure you an endleſs ſource of rational felicity and reaſonable pleaſures. But alas! (you exclaim) his philoſophy has made him callous; the greateſt purpoſe of his life has been to render himſelf indifferent to the world and all its concerns. He feels no melting fondneſs, nor any of thoſe laudable joys which nature annexes to the power of pleaſing; and is deficient in all thoſe little attentions, which are of ſo much value in the intercourſe of ſouls.

With whatever endearing affection or tender ſolicitude I endeavour to pleaſe him, his principles will not permit him

him to make me equal returns. His tenderneſs for me is too rational. I would have it to be more lively, and more like my own. For one impreſſion he is capable of receiving, my heart is agitated by ten thouſand. Thus am I under the torture deviſed by Mezentius, a living body tied to a dead one, and I ſhould think as ſoon of mollifying a rock as moving him. Is it poſſible for philoſophy, which is called the ſcience of wiſdom, to deſtroy all ſenſibility in the men who make it their employment? Is not his indifference for me, the fruit of a dry ſpeculation, that ought not to extinguiſh the ſenſations of the heart; which all nations, by common conſent, regard as ſacred, juſt, and indiſpenſable? But he thinks it below him to yield to any thing but geometrical truths and demonſtrations. After his friends have

exhauſted all their good-will to oblige him, he can only be prevailed on, *not* to be their enemy. Why was I ſo unfortunate, out of prudence, to place my affections on a man ſo unfeeling and inſenſible? who dreams away the lagging hours of life in one dead calm of joyleſs inſipidity, dead to every thing but thoſe corporeal ſenſations, which, whether of pain or pleaſure, are beneath the regard of a rational creature.

Warmth of temper, is alone productive of every extraordinary exertion of the human mind, and the proper ſoil of genius and the virtues. But he is a ſtoic, and will travel through life his whole tedious journey to the grave, unconſcious and incapable of taſting more than the dull eaſe reſulting from a kind of negative happineſs. If I were indifferent to him, his being ſo might

do

do very well; and we would live on together, in that eternal *ennui*, which muſt ever ſubſiſt between a married couple, who have no affection for each other. And while good temper and prudence enbable them to dream away a dull life in peace and inſenſibility, the world might think them *very happy*. But as I love him, his indifference renders me miſerable. And I am alſo afraid he holds my underſtanding in contempt, for he will not even permit me to profit by his knowledge; as with me, he only talks to ſay *nothing*.

What right have you to repine at your huſband's want of inſenſibility? You had not the leaſt room to expect it ſhould be otherwiſe. Had you ſtudied the philoſophy of the human mind, you would have been better in-

informed what to expect from every one, and by contracting your views within the bounds of probability, might have had ſome chance for obtaining happineſs and contentment.

If a man poſſeſſes a ſtoical apathy of ſoul, he acts independent of the opinion of the world, and fulfils every duty with a mathematical exactneſs: can one then be diſappointed if that man is not greatly influenced by the ſenſations of pity, endearments of love, or the partialities of friendſhip. If theſe diſpoſitions do not correſpond with the livelineſs of your own ſentiments, you are relieved from mortifications, which, (were he poſſeſſed of oppoſite qualifications,) you might have experienced. Were we intimately acquainted with the ſituation of others, and how much their enjoyment falls ſhort of their apparent happineſs; it might

might probably diveſt us entirely of envy. Dr. Young tells us, that more hearts pine away in ſecret anguiſh, for an unkind treatment from thoſe who ſhould be their comforters, than for any other calamity in life. But is not a wife poſſeſſed of ten thouſand different ways of endearing herſelf? every condeſcenſion in your part to the object of your affections, is a gratification to yourſelf. The only revenge I would wiſh you to practiſe on him, is to eradicate his philoſophy. If we take a view of men of merit, who have reſiſted the impreſſions of tenderneſs, to thoſe of our ſex they were partial to, we ſhall find that their hearts were not fixed by an attachment to one *ſingle* object: and that changeableneſs and inconſtancy have ſecured to them the firmneſs of their opinions, and ſupported their politics againſt

againſt this amiable weakneſs. But your ſtoic being only attached to you, it will depend on yourſelf to render him ſuſceptible of every impreſſion you would wiſh to make on him. The very laſt thing a woman does, is not unfrequently that of ſuſpecting herſelf: conſcious of her own affection and integrity, ſhe is apt to over-rate her love and duty, not ſufficiently aware, that without good-breeding, good-nature, and a ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, ſhe may firſt create offence, and afterwards confirm diſguſt. Conform yourſelf to his humour; perhaps in a ſhort time you may have the glory of having an apoſtate Plato ſighing with apprehenſions, if you are indiſpoſed, or melted into tenderneſs for a beloved child you may preſent him with. Was not Hercules governed like a child by Omphale? Sampſon was a ſlave

a ſlave to Dalilah: the magnanimous Achilles wept for his fair Briſeis: and hiſtory, both ancient and modern, abounds with examples to the ſame purpoſe.

But all that your good ſenſe aims at is to inſpire him with greater tenderneſs for you, which I dare ſay you will effect. Mere *beauty* has no power over ſuch kind of men; but a woman of *ſenſe*, *knowledge*, and *good-nature*, is ſure to engage their hearts: if, as I obſerved before, his attentions are not divided; for in ſuch a caſe, a woman has no chance, *nor is it at all worth her attention.* But it may not be improper to remind you, that nature has been ſo wiſe in conſtructing us, that when we would be bleſſed beyond the pale of reaſon, our happineſs becomes leſs perfect in proportion to the exceſs of ſuch deſires. "The more

more exquiſite any good is, ſays Mr. Hume, of which a ſmall ſpecimen is afforded us, the ſharper is the evil allied to it, and few exceptions are found to this uniform law of nature. The moſt ſprightly wit borders on madneſs, the higheſt effuſions of joy produce the deepeſt melancholy; the moſt raviſhing pleaſures are attended with the moſt cruel laſſitude and diſguſt; the moſt flattering hopes make way for the ſevereſt diſappointments; and in general, (for happineſs is not to be dreamed of) no courſe of life has ſo much ſafety, as the temperate and moderate, which maintains, as far as poſſible, a mediocrity, and a kind of inſenſibility in every thing. So juſtly does the poet obſerve,

The violence of either grief, or joy,
Their own enactures with themſelves deſtroy.
Grief joys, joy grieves, on ſlender accident.

How

How preferable is your ſituation to Lady Fribble's: in what manner does her Lord lay out the faculties of an immortal ſoul? What is his ſerious labour, ardent deſire, and reigning ambition? To be ſeen, and diſtinguiſhed for his magnificence! In how much more eligible manner does your philoſopher paſs his time, who acts up to the principles of reaſon and virtue? If we conſider him, as taking in the ſyſtem of the univerſe, obſerving the mutual dependence and harmony by which the whole frame of it hangs together; raiſing his thoughts with magnificent ideas of providence; does he not make a nobler figure in the eye of an intelligent being, than the moſt diſtinguiſhed in titles and fortune?

You are a lively agreeable young lady, your huſband has a good fortune, and you preferred him to ſome others:

Why

Why do you appear ſo miſerable? Alas! he is of a very different diſpoſition from what I flattered myſelf he was poſſeſſed of: many have been perverſe, but he is perverſeneſs itſelf. His laws differ much from the Medes and Perſians, for they altered *not*, whereas his are ſhifting *every hour*; and the cataracts of the Nile are not leſs eaſily ſtopt than his reſolutions. His temper is a mixture of paſſions and peeviſhneſs, two things that ſeldom go together; but he frets himſelf into a paſſion, and then, through wearineſs of ſpirits, cools into fretfulneſs, till he is ſufficiently recovered to riſe again into rage. This is the common courſe of his temper, which affords variety, but no relief. If I careſs my beloved child, he grudges me the maternal joy: the child is to be ſent to the *country* for *air*, or to *town* for *education*, though only

only two years old; if I like my houſe, it is *to be ſold*; if I ride on horſeback, he never ſaw any good come of *equeſtrian ladies*; if I ſtay at home and read, all *learned women go to the devil*; if I am reſerved to his men friends, *I am rude*; if commonly civil, *I am in love with them*. Jealouſy is as little conſiſtent with true love, as fear is with the conſciouſneſs of one's own ſtrength. A huſband puts his own honour in doubt when he ſhews too much concern, and every one will take the freedom to put their own conſtructions upon the actions of a married woman, when they ſee the huſband examine and obſerve her with too much attention. But to return: if I am dreſſed well, *it is for conqueſt*; if negligently, *I have now no deſire to pleaſe him*; if I am endearing, *I am childiſh*; if more reſerved, *ſullen*: one moment he is out of

humour if *I ſpeak*, the next offended at *my ſilence:* and he is perpetually finding fault with my moſt juſtifiable conduct. In ſhort, deſpairing of ſucceſs in pleaſing him, I relinquiſh the idea, though I ſtill entertain a ſincere affection for him: but it is as impoſſible to unite our ſentiments, as to form a league between fire and water; the ſmalleſt deviations from his rules are crimes. No clock-work moves with greater exactneſs than our family; every minute fulfils it deſtiny, and turns round its own axis, with our houſhold. And he is poſſeſſed of that kind of unhappy prudence, which always anticipates misfortunes. My life is a ſcene of miſery, I am in continual terror of diſpleaſing him; and when we fear more than we love, I am afraid we are not far from hating."

There

There is a great diſparity in your ages: you had no manner of right to expect your huſband would continue after marriage to partake of your juvenile amuſements. Is it not then your duty to relinquiſh them, to render yourſelf more ſuitable to him. There is not ſurely a general axiom more ſacredly true, than that we are eſſentially happier by virtuous ſacrifices, than by weak indulgences.

His habits being more confirmed than yours, it is eaſier for you to conform to his humour, than it would be for him to comply with yours: and excluſive of its being the province of our ſex to make conceſſions, your huſband would render himſelf *leſs* reſpectable at his time of life by ſuch amuſements, while you add to your dignity by reſigning them: it can never be too ſoon to adopt the wiſdom of age; but it becomes very ſoon

neceſſary to relinquiſh the follies of youth, in order to be reſpectable in maturity. Diſtruſt, jealouſy, and caution, are the uſual attendants of age. Theſe, the unthinking livelineſs of your diſpoſition may have increaſed. It would undoubtedly be beſt if we could hear and ſee every thing as it is, that nothing might be too anxiouſly dreaded, or too ardently purſued: but it is the diſpoſition and temper of the mind that render particular people prone to this paſſion. Jealouſy, and abſence in love, (Mr. Hume tells us,) compoſe, the *dolce piccante* of the Italians, which they ſuppoſe ſo eſſential to all pleaſures. They conſider, that whatever touches the heart or paſſions very ſenſibly, muſt be applied with a very judicious and ſparing hand; otherwiſe, the certain and true effect is ſatiety and diſguſt. If it is neceſſary to abſtain from

from enjoyment, to be happy in this world; we look for a better, which promiſes to gratify our deſires without eradicating them. How prone men of moſt countries have been to jealouſy, may be ſeen in Arioſto's Bradamante, Gonſalo's Auriſtilla, and Shakeſpeare's Othello. But when it proceeds from love it is flattering, as the poet truly ſays,

The faults of love, by love are juſtify'd.

But it is to be confeſſed, that with a man of your huſband's diſpoſition, it is very difficult to know in what manner to act: great firmneſs and reſolution are neceſſary to the diſcharge of your duty; and it is a very unhappy ſtate where ſuch ſtruggles often happen, as in the end, it too frequently ſours the temper. But allow me to urge, that paſſionate men generally are not ſo bad as we imagine,

for if they were *angry* one day without any cauſe, they will the next be as *kind* without any reaſon. As your affection has hitherto reſiſted all his abſurdities, perſevere, and try different methods to wean them from him: and never forget, that the greateſt *abuſe* from a man you love, is preferable to the *fondneſs* of one that you might have diſliked. I would endeavour to procure, with his conſent, a female companion to live with you, choſen rather out of his connections than your own. Is there not ſomething even flattering to virtue itſelf, to have a conſtant witneſs to approve our conduct. And there does not ſeem to be any room for ſuppoſing that ſuch a perſon will be *de trop* in your *tête-a-tête*. Nature has wiſely furniſhed every animal with a ſafe guard to its moſt vulnerable part, which the hunters who purſue,

ſue, always obſerve by the care they take to conceal it. Our timidity expoſes our weakneſs, and renders men who are cowards, tyrants; but have we not a natural defence againſt the abuſe of their power, by applying that ſoft and inſinuating addreſs which enables us to controul it, and even transfer it to ourſelves? Do they not allow that women have more ſtrength in their looks than men in their laws, and more power in their tears than men in their arguments? But if you find this mode of behaviour will not ſuit your tyrant; and that he perſiſts in his injurious treatment of you, in conſequence of his ſuſpicions, contrary to the conviction of his own ſenſes, you muſt then try another method with him; for we ſhall often be deceived, if we expect men to quit an opinion as ſoon as the cauſe which pro-

duced it is removed; as the turbluent ſea will by no means loſe its turbulence with the ſtorm that occaſioned it.—— In the natural world, ſtorms are abſolutely neceſſary. So great are the uſe of the winds, and of ſuch abſolute neceſſity are they to the ſalubrity of the atmoſphere, that all the world would be poiſoned without theſe agitations. But the perpetual commotions it receives from the gales and ſtorms keep it pure and healthful. In like manner, perhaps, a little variety of behaviour on your part may be neceſſary. Solſtitial rains is the very worſt he has met with, perhaps an equinoctial hurricane is neceſſary to his ſalubrity; ſubmit to offer this violence to your nature and ſweetneſs of diſpoſition. You have hitherto been ſo gentle, ſo reaſonable, and ſo obedient, that you have even deprived him of the plea-

pleaſure of altercation with you, which would have afforded him the higheſt ſatisfaction.

Believe me, you cannot either pleaſe him, or ſerve yourſelf more effectually, than by indulging him with ſmall occaſions of offence. By theſe he will ſufficiently exerciſe the turbulence of his paſſions, and deter him from cenſuring you in matters of conſequence. The conſciouſneſs of the part you are acting will prevent you from carrying it too far, and on him it will produce the happieſt effects. On the recollection of his differences with you, he will have a ſhew of reaſon on his ſide; this will lead him inſenſibly to a habit of reflection (which ſelf-love renders inadmiſſible at preſent): in the mean time, the conceſſions you will make from time to time of your errors (which it was impoſſible for you to make

make before, when you had none) will confirm him in the juſtneſs of his opinions, and of your probity.

Can any thing be more neceſſary to render him ſenſible of your merit and his own happineſs? Thus you may be made eaſy: ſurely there cannot be a greater ſuffering, than to ſtand low in the opinion of any perſon, who has a great ſhare in our affections. Would we not therefore do every thing in our power, to obviate any jealouſies entertained againſt us. I believe true love (like true virtue) has this advantage, that it is rewarded by every ſacrifice we make to it; and that in ſome meaſure we enjoy the privations we impoſe on ourſelves, in the very idea of what they coſt us, as well as of the motives by which we are induced to them. Is it not in the power of a huſband to reconcile his wife, if ſhe tenderly loves him,

him, to any place or plan of life he is in, or likes himſelf? That woman who murmurs at ſituation, want of gaieties, &c. does not love her huſband. Love and grief are the only two paſſions that can fill the immenſe void of the heart.

Juno, I have already ſaid, is ſtyled the goddeſs of marriage, which piece of mythology I fear is but too true; as there ſeems to be an unlucky moral implied in the fable, by there being ſo few happy ones. The firſt match ſhe is recorded to have made, by the poets, is that for Æolus, the god of ſtorms and tempeſts. I was very much pleaſed with a Turkiſh fable I lately met with, in which Solomon the great, (ſays the ſtory) after the building of that magnificent temple, ſo renowned in hiſtory, cauſed alſo a ſuperb

palace

palace to be erected for his reſidence. Birds of every kind aſſembled at this palace, and, in proceſs of time, the gift of ſpeech was beſtowed on them.

Among the feathered throng was an old ſparrow, who had a young mate with whom he was conſtantly bickering and quarrelling with; Solomon took great delight in liſtening to the diſcourſe of his aviary, (for the great as well as ourſelves, are ſometimes pleaſed with trifling amuſements.) One day the old ſparrow, being more than ordinarily exaſperated againſt his lady, burſt out in the moſt threatening manner, "Wicked huſſey! dread my reſentment! provoke me further, and I will bring this palace about thy head, under the ruins of which, thou ſhalt remain cruſhed to death, and there find an everlaſting ſepul-

ſepulchre! Though knoweſt not the extent of my power." The poor ignorant female, unacquainted with the nature of things, believed what he ſaid, trembled, and was mute. Solomon, who had been liſtening all the while, beckoned the angry bird to perch upon his finger, and ſpoke to him as follows: "Moſt puiſſant ſparrow, I am as ignorant of thy power, as that little female thou haſt intimidated; inform me, I pray thee, what means thou propoſeſt to make uſe of to deſtroy ſuch a maſſy pile of building, as that in which I now reſide?" The ſparrow, reduced to the moſt humiliating ſituation, anſwered thus: "Great king, thou haſt overheard a diſcourſe I did not intend for thy ear, and thereby brought me into a ſtate of the greateſt confuſion! I know perfectly well my own capacities,

ties, and that I am a ſmall and feeble bird; but *let me, I conjure you, O King! play the bravo with my own wife.*"

I ever am,

my dear Mrs. Pierpont,

moſt affectionately yours,

ELIZA DE CRUI.

LETTER XXVIII.

From the Same, to the Same.

DEAR MADAM,

ALLOW me now to preſent you the two laſt ladies, as a further illuſtration of the ſubject.

" Your paſſion was to be eſteemed learned; you married a fool and a rake, flat-

flattering yourſelf with the female maxim, that a reformed rake makes the beſt huſband, and that a fool is eaſily managed. You now by experience diſcover your error, and are convinced that a reformed rake can never be virtuous; and that a fool is poſitive, and jealous of his authority; whereas a man of ſenſe, thinks trifles not worth his contention.

Alas! (you ſay) it is impoſſible to convince a fool of his folly. I acknowledge I neither thought him wiſe or learned; but he has now the affectation of both, which is intolerable. If we have a taſte for any particular ſubject, we may do very well with a perſon who has none at all; but one who has only a ſmattering of it is intolerable. He aſſumes the title of a man of letters, with-

without having been at ſchool. Upon ſome people he has impoſed, becauſe there are ſome people as ignorant and fooliſh as himſelf. He ſays he is a member of every univerſity in Europe; and I firmly believe, if they were jointly to contradict him, he would have the impudence to perſiſt in it, but in terms utterly deſtructive to his pretenſions.

He has not only a *weak* head, but a corrupt *heart*; and is of a temper that can neither bear reproof nor advice. I ſee into his ſoul, and find there ſuch a void, both of religion and morality, that I am equally ſhocked in my apprehenſions of his fate here, and hereafter. He ſeems to think the juice of the grape,

The cordial drop heav'n in our cup has thrown
To make the nauſeous draught of life go down.

Where

Where miſery is conſtantly ſhifting from one ſcene to another, the pleaſures of reflection can ſeldom have leiſure to play. He is diſſipating his fortune as faſt as he can, without enjoying or obtaining any thing but contempt. Is there not more money given to be laughed at, than for any one thing in the world; though the purchaſers do not think ſo? If in money-matters he is made eaſy for the preſent, he does not care for to-morrow; and his family are ſtarved by his extravagancies. To make a ſhift in order to make a ſhow, is truly ridiculous. He regrets nothing but the want of money; has no other feelings but what proceeds from the gratification of his paſſions; and lays frequently on me ſuch commands as would be highly injurious for me to obey.

A Greenlander would as ſoon renounce the eternal ice of the pole, a Negro the ſuffocating heat of the line, as a fool his ridiculous connexions of folly.

I am now ſenſible of my error: there is a ſecret and involuntary ſympathy, that attaches us to generous minds—are not our affections inſeparably rivetted by eſteem, and in that caſe may we not defy even time itſelf to break the charming tye! O why am not I bound in ſuch a chain?"

"Becauſe you judged otherwiſe when you made your choice. To love a *clown* may be a treſpaſs againſt *opinion*, but to love a *fop* is a ſin againſt *nature*. If the boaſted power of reaſon is very impotent, and thoſe who rely moſt on it have generally the mortification to find the inſufficiency of it; what could

could you expect from folly? Can one further pity you, notwithſtanding your boaſted knowledge than for your ignorance? If a man plants a *turnep*, has he any right for compaſſion when he is diſappointed in not finding it a *pine apple?* May we not ſay of you, what Feſtus unjuſtly ſaid to St. Paul, *Thy much learning doth make thee mad.* You pique yourſelf on a little knowledge; of what avail is it, if it has not made you wiſer and better? "The end of learning (ſays Milton) is to know God, and out of that knowledge to love him and imitate him, as far as we may the neareſt, by poſſeſſing our ſouls with true virtue." You married a man you deſpiſed, in order to ſhow your ſuperiority of underſtanding, which I have this very ſufficient reaſon to deny you poſſeſs—*becauſe you*

affect to ſhow it. The greateſt proof of folly appears in an affectation of learning in a woman, or talking technically. There are many caſes in which ſimplicity is the greateſt refinement. From our common education we have not had information ſufficient to controvert men's opinions relative to many points, upon which we ſhould therefore never attempt to ſhine in converſation. If called upon to give our opinion, modeſty ſhould furniſh an exuſe for the unavoidable *blunders* we ſhall be led to make.

What buſineſs has your huſband, who is incapable of reliſhing it, with your overgrown knowledge, the depth of your judgment, or the extent of your learning; if you are not poſſeſſed of a ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, and a ſtrict attention to the œconomy of your family; if you

do

do not the greateſt juſtice to what is laudable in him, while you throw a veil over his follies?

How meritorious are the ſoft, the gentle ſufferings of a virtuous woman, who never torments her huſband with complaints, but patiently waits the return of his reaſon, which will lead him to a ſenſe of his faults, and the injuſtice he has done her. Jealouſy and diſtruſt are the bane of love, whoſe eſſence is eſteem and confidence. But if jealouſy is expreſſed by unkind upbraidings, or what is worſe, by cold haughty looks, and inſolent contempt, it can hardly fail, if often repeated, to realize the misfortune, which at firſt perhaps was only imaginary. But at the ſame time you muſt act conformable to *your* character, though he does not ſupport the dignity of *his*.

All his commands that are inconſiſtent with prudence, or incompatible with the rank and character you ought to maintain in life; it is your duty to refuſe, as a compliance would be criminal; and it might thereby ſubject you to general cenſure. For a man capable of requiring from his wife what he knows to be in itſelf wrong, is equally capable of throwing the whole blame of ſuch miſconduct on her; and afterwards of upbraiding her for a behaviour, to which he, upon the ſame principles, will diſown he has been acceſſary.

If poverty becomes the conſequence of his irregularities, there is no contending with neceſſity. But each ſtate has its trials, and whilſt your patience is tried by it; the riches of the great are trials of their temperance, humility, and humanity.

manity. Had you no misfortunes to ſtruggle with, your age, your fortune, and compliant temper might have ſeduced you into diſſipation, and might have deprived you of all the heart-felt joys you now daily experience, in a conſcious exerciſe of your duties. The internal reſources you have, will attend you in every ſituation, and will prove a happineſs to you under the direction of reaſon. But as the ſtricteſt œconomy will be neceſſary on your part, you muſt never permit yourſelf to omit your domeſtic duties in the ſmalleſt particular.

If you lament, in this ſituation, that the world forſakes you, believe me it is groundleſs. Adverſity does not take from us our real friends; it only releaſes us from thoſe who pretended to be ſuch.

You remember, when Jaſon repudiates Medea to marry Creuſa, daughter to Creon, king of Corinth, Medea is enraged and threatens to deſtroy all. She is told it is not in her power; that her huſband is unfaithful, and ſhe has nothing left: "Yes, anſwered ſhe, Medea is left." In Seneca, *Medea ſuper eſt.*

Your greateſt unhappineſs will ariſe from being under a neceſſity of ſubmitting to do many things you diſlike; is not this a proof how tender we ſhould be of cenſuring others? It is *one* thing to be at liberty to do what we pleaſe, and *another* to be tied up to do what we muſt. Few are enabled thoroughly to judge of any perſon's conduct. Does not the miſeries of life prove greater or leſs, in proportion as we lay them to heart? Many things are inſupportable, only be-

cauſe

cauſe we are weak! A well-diſpoſed mind is the only treaſure we can poſſeſs. All other goods are unſtable; and if they were more permanent, we ſhould either grow weary of them, or live in apprehenſion of loſing them at laſt. Does not all fear conſiſt in dread of future misfortune, and does not the various ſtates and conditions of men differ more in name than reality? None are made to ſuffer above what they *can*, and therefore *ought* to bear. Have we not all reaſon to remain contented with the diſpoſition of Providence?

When you conſider, that the plagues of the diſcreet proceed from *other people*, thoſe of the indiſcreet from *themſelves*, you will ſit down with a juſt compliment to yourſelf, and be content. Succeſs having attended ſome, who imagined

that

that the only cauſe of their unhappineſs was the want of riches; experience teaches them, that if there is an art which can procure to us happineſs, there is ſtill one much more difficult and more rarely to be met with—The art of making a proper uſe of theſe means. Gaiety is a better reſource againſt poverty than riches againſt melancholy. When we pity thoſe that are in ſickneſs, diſtreſs, or any other temporal afflictions; let us remember how much worſe it is with the gay ſinner; with thoſe who are given over to a reprobate ſenſe, and are cut off in the midſt of their wickedneſs.

You married a man of ſmall fortune, but one whom your reaſon approved, and your heart loved; and for his ſake you rejected a man of fortune. You are perfectly happy; but—"Is it not,

you

you ſay, ſome reproach on the oeconomy of Providence, that ſuch perſons as Lady ——, who have not hearts ſuſceptible of tender emotions, taſtes to enjoy, or diſcernment to approve, ſhould poſſeſs ſuch advantages of fortune, while I am deſtined to practiſe the ſtricteſt oeconomy.

Tell me why, good Heav'n,
Thou mad'ſt me what I am, with all the ſpirit,
Aſpiring thoughts, and elegant deſires,
That fill the happieſt man? Ah rather why
Didſt thou not form me ſordid as my fate,
Baſe-minded, dull, and fit to carry burthens?

OTWAY.

Why was this heart of mine formed with ſo much ſenſibility! Or why was not my fortune adapted to its propenſities! Tenderneſs, without the capacity of relieving, only makes the perſon more wretch-

wretched than the objects who ſue for aſſiſtance."

"Happineſs is as likely to be found in a moderate fortune as in a large one: your's is ſufficient for thoſe who mean to live the life of reaſon. Imaginary wants indeed perpetually diſtreſs the unthinking part of mankind; which are the hardeſt to bear: real neceſſities may be relieved by the friendſhip and humanity of others —But who can adminiſter conſolation to a diſtempered mind, inſenſible of real enjoyments, and eagerly graſping at ſhadows? Diſcontent has ſpread her baleful pinions over the greateſt part of the human race. Thoſe who have no real evils, form to themſelves a thouſand imaginary ones, with which they labour to torment themſelves.

Lady

Lady ——, whom you mention, has not thoſe delicate feelings, you ſay ſhe is defective in; otherwiſe, like you, ſhe would have made a happier choice, and not have ſacrificed her felicity, in making it depend on ſo deſpicable an object as her lord. Will you then envy her bargain? Will you wear the mein of diſcontent in her preſence, becauſe ſhe outſhines you in equipage, dreſs, and pomp. Exert your ideas with a noble confidence, and think that although you have not theſe things, it is becauſe you have not ſought, or have not deſired them. "I poſſeſs, ſay you, however ſomething better; I have choſen my lot, and am ſatisfied: I live in that ſweet tranquility, known only to thoſe, whom the ſmallneſs of their fortune obliges to moderate their deſires, which may be looked on as

as the ſource of true happineſs. I am the happieſt of women; Lady —— is a ſtranger to that delightful union of hearts, the ſympathy of ſouls, which inſure my felicity. Happy in one another, we never regret the loſs of noiſy ſcenes of diſſipation, into which the heart never enters; where they meet without being impelled by affection, and part without ſolicitude; it is neither taſte, the heart, nor even the hope of pleaſure, unites them. It is not equality of rank, fortune, cuſtom, but wearineſs of themſelves, and that neceſſity of diſſipation which they feel perpetually, and which ſeems attached to riches and ſplendour, that produces their conjunction. Diogenes went about the city of Athens, begging to the ſtatues: being aſked the reaſon, he ſaid he was learning to bear a repulſe. Diſſipated people

people ſhould learn the ſame leſſon. Can any ſtatue be deafer than moſt of their purſuits whom they ſolicit for real pleaſure. A wretch in poſſeſſion of the reputed means of happineſs, without enjoying it, would of all objects be the moſt ridiculous, were he not the moſt melancholy too. The late Lord L——, at the duke of B——'s maſquerade, ſaid, that he had been in ſearch of joy the whole night, but that it was always in the next room.

This coy goddeſs, from ſtage to ſtage
Invites us ſtill, but ſhifts as we purſue.

ARMSTRONG.

Does not the faſhionable world toil inceſſantly, to appear in a conſpicuous light, and are they not loſt in the multitude, and find their recompence very inadequate to their labours?

Much

Much I pity thoſe
Whom falſe-ſmiling Fate has curs'd with means
To diſſipate their days in queſt of joy.

ARMSTRONG.

On the contrary, in how eligible a ſituation am I placed, in a more retired way of life. My felicity depends on the affections of my huſband, and the ſocial intercourſe of a few friends. I enjoy all my wiſhes; all my attempts to moral excellence are centered in the hopes of rendering myſelf every day more and more worthy of the eſteem of him I love, and by whom I am beloved. All is calm content, heart-felt joy; every hour gives pleaſure as it paſſes, and ſatisfaction. Do not ſuppoſe I am weak enough to expect that my huſband will be always my lover, though he has hitherto not laid aſide that character. Paſſion muſt decay: I expect his

his will ſoon do ſo; and though it may be impoſſible not to wiſh the lover might always remain, yet I hope I ſhall never ſhew I am grieved when he is turned into a ſober huſband, but conſider it as the neceſſary condition of humanity. The gracious ſmile, the heart-felt tenderneſs, the look of affection, the repoſe in thoſe we love, impart more ſolid conſolation than all other acquirements on earth can give without them. In ſuch a ſtate, a woman's affection for her huſband are compoſed of a mixture of fondneſs, a deference to his authority, and a confidence in his protection: from which ariſes the auſpicious combination of complacency, condeſcenſion, and politeneſs. She is penetrated with a ſenſation inexpreſſible by words, ſimilar to that with which an infant is impreſſed towards his parents; while a huſband is under the influence of that

pathetic endearment, with which parents are affected towards their progeny. Under the protection of a man of worth, diſtinguiſhed abilities, honour, and truth, a wife yields herſelf entirely to his guidance, receiving every idea from the man of her heart! like the *halo* of the *rainbow*, which exhibits the ſame, though fainter colours. So ſhe is diſtinguiſhed by his virtues: and with the ſatisfaction true love inſpires, thinks whatever he does is *wiſeſt*, *moſt virtuous*, *diſcreeteſt*, *beſt*. Her ſoul is ſo happily diſpoſed, that every thing becomes capable of affording her entertainment, and diſtreſs almoſt wants a name. Then may the words of Mr. Waller be juſtly applied to ſuch a couple:

Not the ſilver doves that fly
Yoaked in Cytherus' car;
Not the wings that ſoar ſo high,
And convey her ſons ſo far,

With

With more kind conſent do move,
Or do more en-noble love.

Their ſmiling infants, in participating their looks, and blending their features, add a freſh tye to that of conjugal affection. The enraptured huſband, and fond father, hangs over her, like Milton's Adam, with looks of cordial love enamoured, gazing with tranſport on the maternal cares of the happy wife, and diſcovers in theſe pledges of their fond affection, all the mother's beauty: while ſhe relates a thouſand little anecdotes of their ripening judgments; flattering her fond boſom, they are preſages of inheriting their father's underſtanding. Even to an unintereſted perſon, the expanding of an infant mind is a delightful entertainment, but to fond parents muſt not the pleaſure be exceedingly delightful? Thus their years paſs

in that ſweet intelligence of two hearts charmed with each other, without wearineſs, without inquietude, without any other jealouſy than that of fearing not to pleaſe as much as they love; which occaſions a deſire of uniting in ourſelves every thing which has power to captivate a heart. If they are in company, ſhe buſies herſelf with him alone, without diſobliging any body. The art of conciliating our choice with complaiſance is a ſecret of delicate minds: coquetry ſtudies this; love is acquainted with it, without having learned it. But every medal hath its reverſe, every felicity carries its abatement; for thus happy, thus delighted, how very ſoon may her rejoicing be turned into mourning! Her beauteous infant may be ſnatched from her fond embrace, may ſicken, pine, and die. "How is nature, (ſays Lord

Lord Orrery) repulſed on ſuch an occaſion!" When a mother, recollecting all her ſufferings for this departed innocent, only by that attaches herſelf the more to it. But the tender ſolicitude of her beloved conſort, his ſoothing ſympathy, and affectionate participation of her ſorrows, will reſtore her mind to reaſon and peace.

But oh! what friendly perſon will be at hand to ſuccour and ſupport her under the poignant diſtreſs and unutterable woe of loſing this beſt of men: this pattern of her virtues, friend of her heart, and partner of her joys! when ſhe exclaims, like Andromache, "he was father, mother, brother!"

Under the firſt attacks of extreme ſorrow, nature muſt be left to itſelf: at ſuch moments the conſolations of friendſhip by their infectious tenderneſs only

increaſe the ſenſibility of the ſufferer, and feeds the ſorrow it pretends to deplore, by ſtrengthening the impreſſion which nothing but the external rubs of time and accident can thoroughly efface. After time hath blunted the aſperities of anguiſh, as friendſhip is particularly deſigned to alleviate the evils of life and inſenſibly to wear away the pains of the wretched, a participation of affection may communicate a ſoft and affecting ſentiment to melancholy, that content never feels, and be grateful to her afflicted heart. The height of her philoſophy can only riſe to reſignation, to the decrees of the omnipotent and all-juſt Diſpoſer of events; but a thouſand tender recollections will ſtill make her ſigh in ſecret, though her grief will not reſemble the loud tumultuous paſſion of thoſe, whoſe houſes are ranſacked by

by invading enemies; but that affliction which acquieſces in the decrees of the Almighty without murmuring, although the object departed is too dear to be relinquiſhed without the moſt penetrating diſtreſs. Thoſe that ſay philoſophy can go no farther, and teach us not to feel, miſtake its uſe, and make dull apathy uſurp its place. And thoſe who affect to denominate the inſenſibility of their ſouls, the effect of philoſophy, and the manifeſtation of a fortitude untouched by human events, can no more impoſe on the thinking and humane, than Alexander did, when he affected to throw off humanity and become a deity. Let it be remembered, in that inſtance, when the divine perfection was included in a human form, he choſe to yield to the impulſe of this affection of the mind. Our Saviour

wept over the grave of Lazarus. Tears, when time has matured a pungent grief into a ſweet melancholy, are not hurtful; they are as the dew of the morning to the green herbage.

A ſenſible woman will not permit her afflictions to interfere with her moral obligations, nor will ſhe obtrude her ſorrows on the world; real grief is very ſilent in its operations: Lady Ruſſel, whoſe ſincerity is not to be queſtioned, the many years ſhe ſurvived her beloved Lord, was very careful not to attract obſervation in thoſe ſtated times ſhe had ſet apart for deploring her loſs, and rendering herſelf acceptable to the ſupreme Being. "I always ſuſpect (ſays Mrs. Griffiths) that a perſon has only the appearance of grief, ſenſe, courage, or philoſophy, who affects to manifeſt them upon every trifling occaſion." The

many

many years lady Ruſſel ſurvived her Lord, is a melancholy proof that nothing kills ſo ſlowly as grief.—The conſolations in this ſituation are, that he whom ſhe laments can never ſuffer for her what ſhe muſt bear for him: that it is impoſſible any thing ſo natural, ſo neceſſary, and ſo univerſal as death, ſhould have been deſigned by Providence as an evil to mankind: that had he lived, her ſincere affection would have led her implicitly to conform to his inclinations; her views would have been confined to this earth, and too ſtrongly attached to human objects to have properly obeyed the Giver of the bleſſings ſhe ſo much valued; who is generally leſs thought of, in proportion as he is bountiful. Thus will her piety and patience make her calmly ſubmit to the decrees of Providence; and if her mind

is properly regulated, her extreme ſenſibility will never extort one word or thought, which is not dictated by humble piety and the moſt exemplary reſignation.

To be ſeparated by death from a man we love, is a leſs evil than to be obliged to live with one whom we hate. This puniſhment at leaſt is longer, and is inflicted to the laſt hour with equal rigour; grief on the contrary, however violent, becomes every day leſs and leſs. It is by neglecting to obſerve this circumſtance, that we deceive ourſelves. We imagine that this piercing ſorrow will continue to the end of life; and (even to myſelf, as I write) it appears a defect in delicacy of ſentiment, to dare to think at ever being leſs touched at the remembrance of our loſs; we imagine we ſhall ever ſigh under inſupportable deſpair.

Ex-

Experience of what has *been*, ſhews us that nothing more is neceſſary than to leave your affliction to time. Time will infallibly remove it; and you will at length find yourſelf exactly in the ſame circumſtances, as you were before you poſſeſſed what you have loſt. After a long interval to have *loſt*, and not *poſſeſſed*, is almoſt the ſame thing. Your ſorrow will be changed to a tender remembrance. Or it may be wholly obliterated, or give place to a new engagement. Do we not daily ſee this, in life? Therefore it muſt be by far the moſt common caſe: though we have had many inſtances to the contrary; and it muſt depend entirely on the ſenſibility of the ſufferer. If that is exquiſite, the only happineſs in ſuch a ſituation muſt ariſe from religion, good ſenſe, and a vigorous though mild exertion of reaſon. A perſon

ſon capable of tender impreſſions, muſt have a great fund of ſenſibility, ſentiments of probity, and a taſte for every virtue; and then one is almoſt ſure of being unhappy. However, in the height of our diſtreſs, we flatter ourſelves we are ſuperior to the reſt of the world; that our being is more perfect, our ſoul more elevated, becauſe more ſenſible. Thus every body, if they loſe on one hand, ſtrive to gain on the other, and even from adverſity itſelf draw conſolations. As to the loſs of children, how many parents have rejoiced in the recovery of a child, who only lived to reproach, perhaps to diſgrace them! How many have mourned, bitterly mourned, for children, whom perhaps God only reſcued from dangers and difficulties to which he knew their ſtrength would be unequal. Thus every ſituation has its comforts.

forts. The additional ſatisfaction from the taſte of pleaſures in the ſociety of one we love, is admirably deſcribed by Milton, who repreſents Eve, though in paradiſe itſelf, no farther pleaſed with the beautiful objects around her, than as ſhe ſees them in company with Adam, in that paſſage ſo inexpreſſibly charming.

With thee converſing, I forget all time,
All ſeaſons and their change; all pleaſe alike;
Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet
With charm of earlieſt birds; pleaſant the ſun
When firſt in this delightful land he ſpreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, or flow'r,
Glittering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After ſoft ſhow'rs, and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful ev'ning mild; the ſilent night,
With this her ſolemn bird, and this fair morn,
And theſe the gems of heav'n her ſtarry train:
But neither breath of morn when ſhe aſcends,
With charm of earlieſt birds, nor riſing ſun
In this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flow'r,

Glit-

Glittering with dew, nor fragrant after-ſhowers,
Nor grateful ev'ning mild, nor ſilent night,
With this her ſolemn bird, nor walk by moon
Or glittering ſtar-light, without *thee* is ſweet.

You have often told me I would laugh if my heart was breaking; you rate my powers too high, all I can do is to ſuppreſs uneaſineſs, and ſpeak in light terms on ſubjects which affect me but too ſenſibly. Farewell, my amiable friend: unfortunate as the ſtate of marriage is, I am hopeful you will once more be induced to enter into it with a friend of mine, by which I ſincerely think, you will recompenſe yourſelf for all your paſt ſufferings.

Yours affectionately,

ELIZA DE CRUI.

LETTER XXIX.

From Mrs. Ross, to Lady FILMER.

DEAR MADAM,

MISS Byron has been informed by the young lady (I formerly mentioned to you) of her misfortunes; and as they are nearly connected with a friend of yours, I make haſte to communicate them to you. This unhappy young creature informed her ſhe owed all her misfortunes to having deceived her mother: and neglecting that maxim, that if people indulge themſelves, in every thing they may do, they will ſoon do *what they ought not to do.* Her amiable protectreſs endeavoured to wave the ſubject, but Miſs N—— ſaid, "Madam, I perceive your delicacy; few like you, know how guard-

guarded they ſhould be when they ſpeak to the unhappy, whoſe ſorrow and dejection are apt to diſpoſe the heart to interpret into an unkind or bitter ſenſe, every expreſſion that does not breathe the greateſt gentleneſs and affection. You, madam, are my benefactreſs; I can have no reſerve to you: women who would not be *expoſed*, ſhould not put themſelves out of their own power. As my errors are known to myſelf, were it not on account of my family, I ſhould not care if they were known to the whole world. I am not like one of the Spartan dames, aſhamed of nothing but detection.

" My mother was left a widow, with ſeven children, two ſons and five daughters: her jointure was not equal to her birth; nor the oeconomy ſhe was obliged to exert, to her pride. The extreme attention

tention ſhe was neceſſitated to beſtow on the minutiæ of her family ſoured her temper, and afforded her very little time to inſtruct us in our moral or religious duties. But however deficient my mother was in inforcing other precepts, I muſt do her juſtice, in ſaying, ſhe uſed to harangue on *virtue*, which ſhe reduced to a *ſingle point*. As this is the only point in which I have erred, I do not mean to condemn *her* to exculpate *myſelf*. The misfortunes I have met with, and the retirement I have been in, have however taught me to reflect that *virtue* is not wholly comprized in chaſtity, which is only a concomitant; and that it is neceſſary a woman ſhould have every other moral virtue." Miſs Byron told Miſs N——, that ſhe was entirely of her opinion; that the common manner of teaching young ladies

the firſt duties, ſhe looked upon as the moſt ſhocking neglect in their education: ſo little is this eſſential part regarded, ſaid ſhe, that if you aſk a fine lady of what religion ſhe is, ſhe is aſtoniſhed at the queſtion, and can ſcarce give any rational anſwer. If you proceed further, and touch upon the rules and tenets of it, you find them totally ignorant: and in either ſex, where they have not any religion, there can be no dependence upon them; for it is very eaſy to conceive what that man or woman's actions muſt be, who diſbelieve in future rewards or puniſhments." Miſs N—— having ſubſcribed to theſe ſentiments, and acknowledged her own ignorance in theſe points at that period, continued her ſtory as follows.

" My mother's great plan was to get us married, or in other words, off her hands.

hands. When we went to a public place, ſhe queſtioned us who had taken notice of us: our reception was always adapted to the rank or fortune of thoſe who had paid us attention. This foible in my mother led us inſenſibly to falſhood: we purchaſed her good humour and partiality, by claiming honours and diſtinctions which had never been paid us.

Mr. ——, a nabob, made his addreſſes to me; he had nothing but riches to recommend him, and I deſpiſed Plutus too much, to enter into an engagement where *he* only preſided. Under a pompous appearance, the fortunate clown was too viſible: like a foundered horſe that walks in a ſtate proceſſion, under whoſe gorgeous trappings are ſtill ſeen his tottering limbs. My mother was blinded to his imperfections; but a partiality which Lord

H——, only ſon to Lord Cheſter, had inſpired me with, rendered him odious in my eyes. Lord H—— and I engaged ourſelves to each other; and I fooliſhly promiſed to keep it a ſecret from my mother. The young woman who engages to keep her lover's addreſſes a ſecret, is generally brought into a plot againſt herſelf; and oftener ſtill againſt thoſe to whom ſhe owes unreſerved honour and duty. Senſibility is dangerous to young people, without it has a proper direction; and, in this caſe, the greateſt circumſpection is required. A heart which is in itſelf tender, is always eaſy of perſuaſion, and is ſuſceptible of all the ſofter ſenſations. And when our ſex indulge a reverie upon a ſentiment, which fancy ſets off with all its charms, it becomes gradually the reigning affection of our hearts. My mother had not, by tenderneſs and affection, gained my heart, while it was

yet

yet in its infancy: ſhe might then have formed it, ſhe might then have had the virtuous poſſeſſion of it; and might have ſecured its confidence. When precepts are not ſweetened by the endearments of nature, they in a great meaſure fail in their due effect. At a certain age, the danger of the paſſions are great: but theſe paſſions do not actuate more forcibly than a mother's affections, when ſhe is the friend and confident of her daughter. They are not ſtronger than the impreſſions of education, the principles of honour; that virtue, that modeſty, that generous pride, with which youth ought always to be inſpired, eſpecially where the heart is ſuſceptible.

'Tis but inſtruction all! our parents hand
Writes in our hearts the firſt faint characters,
Which time re-tracing, deepens into ſtrength
That nothing can efface but death or Heaven.

" About this time, admiral R—— made his addreſſes to me.—I told him, ingenuouſly, I could never love him. He had before ſighed with as much gentleneſs as his coarſe frame could admit of: but now with his hard features, he *looked* anger. Theſe ſea-faring gentlemen, not uſed to any but elemental controul, bluſter often as ſurly as the winds they are accuſtomed to be diſpleaſed at. My mother was in a great rage with me, on this man's account, and threatened to turn me out of doors, if I did not give my conſent to marry him. My unhappineſs was increaſed at this time from another cauſe.—

" There lived with my mother a ſplenetic woman, who could not be happy without having ſomebody to find fault with. She was an old coquette, who railed at the preſent decline of taſte;

taſte; and being no longer able to attract *admirers*, ſought for *victims*, and was reſolved to be *feared*, ſince ſhe could not be *loved*. Excluſive of this propenſity, it is commonly a received maxim among perſons of a certain age, that young people are always in the wrong. This woman had a great deal of curioſity in her compoſition. I never yet knew a perſon fond of prying into the ſecrets of others, that was fit to be truſted. The curioſity of ſuch is governed by pride, which is not gratified but by whiſpering about a ſecret till it becomes public, in order either to ſhow their conſequence or ſagacity. This woman over-heard a converſation of mine with Lord H——, burſt into the room, and ſaid, ſhe would go inſtantly and acquaint my mother. Lord H—— magnified the horrors of my ſituation, and

uſed every argument love could inforce, to make me fly with him: he ſaid, that in a few months he would be of age, when he would marry me; and that in the mean time, he would place me in ſafety; where he ſhould himſelf never preſume to come, without my permiſſion. I yielded to his requeſt. I do not pretend to juſtify myſelf; but, without doubt, there are ſome circumſtances in life, where the diſtreſs is ſo high, and the mind in ſuch an anxiety, that a perſon may be pardoned the being thrown ſo much off their guard as to be drawn into actions, which, in the common occurrences of life, would admit of no alleviation. Oh! my dear madam, how unhappy is that mind, which, with right intentions, feels a conſciouſneſs of error in its reſolutions. Alas! how is it poſſible to eſcape, ſurrounded with ſmiling

ſnares

ſnares on one hand, and by unkindneſs preſſed into the toils on the other? Are not women who go aſtray from the paths of virtue, generally more to be pited than condemned; as their faults more frequently ariſe from their misfortunes then their vice? My firſt error undoubtedly was the cauſe of all the reſt; how hard, how next to impoſſible to avoid many leſſer deviations, after we have been betrayed into a capital one! Lord H—— continued to treat me with the moſt diſtant reſpect; and as the time was near elapſed when he would be of age, and could make me his wife, I became perfectly eaſy and happy, and thought it even ſweet to ſuffer for the man I loved; although I was informed the woman who lived with my mother, had made many additions to my imprudence. Theſe people who conceal nothing they know, very often communicate what they

they do not know. Envy always knows more than it will confeſs, and more characters are deſtroyed by indirect inſinuations than any other way. Nothing is more fatal to happineſs or virtue, than that confidence which flatters us with an opinion of our own ſtrength, and by aſſuring us of the power of retreat, precipitates us into danger.

"In love, contrary to religion, it is want of faith that ſaves us." Miſs Byron here obſerved, that it was a conſideration much to be regretted, that many perſons of good diſpoſitions, and truly reſpectful characters, have fallen merely through preſumption and too much ſelf-confidence. There are not a few inſtances of perſons not viciouſly inclined, who have by degrees been drawn into *attempts* or *compliances*, which they imagined themſelves incapable of; and which have ended in ruin, grief, and remorſe.

morſe. Thouſands of our ſex have been gradually betrayed from innocent freedoms to ruin and infamy; and thouſands of the other ſex have begun with flatteries, proteſtations, and endearments; but ended with reproaches, perjury, and perfidiouſneſs."—Miſs N— then reaſſumed the thread of her diſcourſe: "The above was the ſituation of my affairs, when one evening Lord H—— and I quarrelled—The Duke of C—— had ſeen me at the window, and being ignorant who I was, forced his admittance into the houſe. This had made Lord H—— jealous: upon our reconciliation, he told me, with the poet,

My heart, tho' full of rage, was free from malice,
And all my anger, but exceſs of love.

I was too much ſoftened. Melancholy and affliction enervate the ſoul, and

and lay it open to every ſoft and tender emotion. I forgot every conſideration, but that of reconciling myſelf to my lover.—As ſoon as I recollected myſelf, it is impoſſible to give you any idea of the diſtraction of my mind. All my guilt ſtared me in the face! I accuſed him, myſelf, and heaven, which had withdrawn its protection from me in the hour of danger! I ordered him to depart, and never ſee me more! A little time produced viſible conſequences from my misfortunes. Lord H—— wrote to me, renewed his vows of fidelity, and declared he conſidered me as much his wife as if the ceremony had paſſed; and that it wanted only a few weeks, when I ſhould be really ſuch in the eye of the law. I was mollified, I ſaw him; and truth obliges me here to confeſs, that I conformed to his wiſhes.—I was too ſoon convinced that Lord H—— was,

like

like the reſt of his ſex, who make no ſcruple of ſeducing women without loving them; who are laviſh of their adorations while they reſiſt, and of their unkindneſs when they yield. She that conſiders this, will ſhun like death ſuch baits of guilt and miſery.

"I believe the hyæna was a male devourer, though the men, to extenuate their own guilt, made the creature a female. I ſoon thought I ſaw a great change in Lord H—— I perceived him diſquieted and uneaſy, and even out of humour. I uſed my influence with him to make me a partner in his griefs, but I urged in vain; I was willing to think favourably of my lover; it was my intereſt to pleaſe him, as the time was near elapſed in which I was to become his wife. I recollected the too often captious behaviour of huſbands to their wives, and concluded this muſt always be

be the caſe after poſſeſſion. On the contrary, women are almoſt ſure of preſerving men's attachment, while they do not loſe ſight of a proper *retenuë* to them. Hope gives an ardour which ſubſides in certainty. In conſequence of theſe ideas, I chearfully ſubmitted to the great change of diſpoſition I perceived in him, and redoubled my attentions to pleaſe him. This appeared to me only to increaſe his miſery and bad humour; and I then from my own experience was convinced, that if a woman diſcovers to a man all the *love* ſhe has for him, ſhe only employs herſelf to make him ungrateful. Love, contrary to all other paſſions, ſhews itſelf more in ſmall things than in great ones. When a perſon begins to ſhow an indifference towards thoſe leſſer cares (which real affection are continually ſuggeſting), one may venture to pronounce that their attachment

tachment will not ſurvive. Theſe fears were realiſed one evening: he dropped a letter. I did not perceive it until he was gone. Figure to yourſelf, Madam, the ſituation of my mind, when I diſcovered, that a treaty of marriage was on foot between him and one Miſs Caſtor. I impatiently waited his next viſit. A heart that had been ſo ſenſible as mine, could not eaſily reſolve to become indifferent. We hate, we love, often before we can attain tranquillity, and we ſtill preſerve ſome diſtant hopes of our being miſtaken in our conjectures.

Lord H—— had undoubtedly miſſed his letter, and was aſhamed to ſee me, becauſe he never came afterwards. The ſhock was too much for me to bear; the uneaſineſs of my mind brought on a ſevere fever and hyſterical complaints I never had before, and I was prematurely delivered of an innocent who happily did

did not live to witneſs its mother's ſhame. A virtuous mind, in the moſt exquiſite diſtreſs, receives ſupport and conſolation from the conſciouſneſs of its own innocence; but diſtreſs which is the conſequence of an unlawful flame indulged, cannot hope for this ſuccour. As long as I had expected Lord H—— to fulfil his engagements to me, my virtue had been lulled aſleep; I had been prevented from returning to myſelf, and from perceiving the abyſs, on the flowery borders of which I had danced with ſuch frantic ſecurity. But now I found myſelf ruined, deceived, and abandoned! Yet, my dear benefactreſs, if we had more candour ourſelves, we might with a better grace complain of diſſimulation in others. A girl who joins in concert with her lover, to deceive her mother, has no right to repine, or be ſurpriſed at his deceiving her in his turn. Although ſenſible of this

this truth, it only added to my miſery, as I looked on all my misfortunes as proceeding from myſelf.

" The horror of my crime ſtared me full in the face; I was as if I had been confined in a dungeon, ſurrounded with darkneſs; and I ſaw no way of eſcaping from it, but by ſuch as were bordered by precipices. Oh! Madam, what a comfort is Chriſtianity in this ſituation? I became quite deſperate, and looking upon myſelf as a loſt creature, had firmly intended to put an end to my exiſtence. Had he taken me for ever, ſaid I, to my faithful Sally, the purpoſe of my life would have only been to pleaſe him; as he has left me, I have nothing left but to die, after worſe than death has happened to me.

" This worthy girl penetrated my deſign, and brought me a learned divine,

in the neighbourhood. He ſpoke peace to my ſoul; and opened to me proſpects of eternal happineſs and never-fading joys! I am now convinced that the only ſecurity of moral obligations, is a delight in the practice of religious duties, by which the enjoyments of this ſublunary ſtate may be extended to eternity. This good man explained to me, that religion is the only means by which we can arrive at true happineſs; and that to attain the perfection and dignity of our nature, we muſt rely on the authority and word of God, the ſureſt foundation of religion. Inſpired by theſe ideas, I left my lodgings, converted a few diamonds to money, and came to this place; but not before I ſent a letter to Lord H——, which was dictated more from tenderneſs than reſentment, and wrote rather with tears than ink." Thus

ended

ended Miſs N——'s relation to Miſs Byron, who ſays, ſhe has a moſt exalted mind, and is the trueſt penitent.

By the aſſiſtance of an uncle, (who only diſcovered her laſt week,) ſhe propoſes to retire to———there ſhe can experience no oblique reproaches, no malicious inſinuations from the rigid cenſurers of her own ſex. Unfeeling prudes! who are virtuous from circumſtances or neglect, not from principle. You remember the poet ſays,

While I am a beggar, I will rail,
And ſay there is no ſin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then ſhall be
To ſay there is no vice but beggary.

Does not your Ladyſhip think, that the ſeverity of women to each other, is of dangerous conſequences to thoſe who

have once erred? Such a penitence as Miſs N——'s muſt ſurely rank the contrite offender next to the unoffending innocent, if not exalt her above the perſeverance of untried virtue.

A being infinitely pure and perfect, was moved to pity by the ſins of his creatures; ſhall we then, whoſe offences are numberleſs, refuſe our pardon and aſſiſtance to thoſe, who may not more properly be called fellow-creatures, than fellow-ſinners; becauſe their offences are of a deeper dye than our own? Eſpecially as the different degrees in which we rank our guilt and theirs, may poſſibly proceed from ſelf-partiality. For if we take into our account their ſuperior temptations, and (commonly when they err) inferior advantage of education to repreſs them, the balance may

may not, to an all-ſeeing-eye, appear in our favour. I ever am,

Dear Madam,

your Ladyſhip's

affectionate and

obliged friend,

MARY ROSS.

LETTER XXX.

From Miſs N—— to Lord H——

MY LORD,

BEFORE this letter reaches your hands, the writer will have renounced her habitation in conſequence of your having abandoned her, in reward for the unlimited confidence ſhe placed in you, to the deſtruction of her honour, peace of mind, and every other felicity

her youth and rank of life might have produced her. Could you have informed me of your change of ſentiment, I ſhould have pardoned you, and imputed your behaviour to the juſt cauſe —my own miſconduct. Cruelty, in my eſtimation, is preferable to perfidy. You are going to wed a Miſs Caſtor, or have thought of it, which *to me* are much the ſame. You muſt by this time be acquainted with my character, the ſtrength of my affection, and the tender ſenſibility of my heart; it remains only for me to acquaint you with the fixed purpoſes of my ſoul. I deſpiſe thoſe women who are capable of changing their affections, but more thoſe whoſe weakneſs ever ſuffers them to pardon an infidelity.

Love admits no partnerſhip; pure affection is a celeſtial emanation. Do not

not apprehend, on my part, the weakneſſes of common minds; it is only for them, like thoſe of weak conſtitutions, not to expel the poiſon they have imbibed. *You will never ſee me more.* And now my Lord, after informing you of my intentions, you muſt be convinced I can have no further intereſt in acquainting you with ſome truths, but on your account. And in juſtice to my own character, permit me only to obſerve, that if I did not combat my inclinations, and triumph over them, by having leſs fortitude and more ſenſibility; yet I conſidered my weakneſs as reſpectable, as nothing was wanting but the ceremony to render me the wife of a man, who muſt be perjured if he did not ratify his engagements. I truſt to the indulgence of a beneficent Being, who judges without prejudice; and hope that

my preſent and paſt ſufferings will atone for my miſconduct. From what I have heard of the Lady you are going to wed, ſhe can never engage your heart, her fortune alone commands your attention.

You are poſſeſſed of a ſenſibility which muſt condemn you to an eternal *ennui*, if you have not ſome favourite object to ingroſs it—Your reſource, as a married man, can only be with women of bad character; they may prevail ſo far as to ſeduce your ſenſes, but it will be ſtill beyond their power to inſpire you with real love. And you will again lament her, who alone can make you happy, becauſe ſhe alone can love as you deſerve to be loved. You may be liked by *many* women, but idolized by *one* alone.

When

When you become the inſipid object of ſome languid affection, that will pardon *every thing*, becauſe it feels *nothing*, you will then perhaps regret the unreaſonableneſs of my temper, the extravagance of my mind, with the tender ſenſibility of my heart.

You have *now* rendered yourſelf the object of my contempt, therefore do not ſuppoſe I am actuated by paſſion. Contempt is always calm, becauſe it is a ſentiment of ſuperiority; hatred is but a vulgar ſenſation, ſuperior minds only deſpiſe. My affections are now placed upon an object who will never diſappoint me—Who leads me to ſay, *it is good for me that I have been afflicted.* "Behold happy is the man (ſays the inſpired Chaldean) whom God correcteth; for as many as he loves, he rebukes and chaſtens; wherefore we ſhould not be

be weary of his corrections; for he only wounds that his hands may heal." What would be thought of a man, who ſhould take advantage of the weakneſs, credulity, complaiſance, or affection of his friend, to ruin at once his reputation, his fortune, and peace of mind for ever! Would not every one allow that this was a great piece of villainy! And yet this very practice towards women paſſes for a trifle, the amuſement of a man of gallantry, and is often made the ſubject of boaſt and triumph.

I muſt intreat you, my Lord, to take this into your conſideration, and to be more ſincere with other women; endeavour to know that heart which you may venture to attack. And as the welfare and happineſs of moſt families depend in a great meaſure on women, the endeavouring to deſtroy their peace

of

of mind, by inſpiring them with ſuch paſſions as render them incapable of being either of uſe or comfort to their friends, is ſurely taking a pleaſure in general deſtruction. How truly pitiable, though contemptible is he, who attempts to deceive, who involves another in diſtreſs, and condemns himſelf to a train of inſincerity and falſhood! Sooner or later he comes to be detected, is perſecuted by his aſſociates in miſery, attracted towards one, witheld by another, inſulted here, and deſpiſed there, and ſuſpected every where; he can neither feel content nor merit eſteem. He becomes peeviſh from mortification, he creates diſguſt in others, and concludes his deſpicable career, unloving and unloved.

I have only to add before I conclude, that I heartily forgive you for all the miſeries you have occaſioned me; and

to

to confirm what I have often told you, although I ſhall never ſee you more, that I ſhall die bleſſing you, and entirely

your's,

WIHELMINA N——

LETTER XXXI.

From Lady FILMER, to Mrs. ROSS.

DEAR MADAM,

I Return you many thanks for your laſt.—I communicated the contents to my brother-in-law, Lord Cheſter; father to Lord H——.

My nephew, for ſome months paſt, has been plunged in the deepeſt melancholy on Miſs N——'s account. The very evening in which he left her, he had a fall from his horſe, broke his collar-

lar-bone, and fevered: his father, who loves him with the utmoſt tenderneſs, attended him conſtantly; and hearing him often mention her name in his delirium, was convinced he had a private attachment which had determined him to decline the propoſed alliance with Miſs Caſtor, whoſe fortune he wiſhed for, to pay off a mortgage. The difficulties Lord H—— knew his father was involved in, made him poſtpone telling him his real intentions, flattering himſelf with the aſſiſtance he would acquire from the mediation of an uncle, who was hourly expected from an embaſſy abroad. This affair had been the only occaſion of the change of temper Miſs N—— perceived in him, whom appearances have undoubtedly been much againſt; but when this unfortunate young lady knows that the uneaſineſs he ſuffered, was merely on her account, and his ſilence

lence to her entreaties only to prevent her unhappineſs, ſhe muſt feel her error in thinking diſhonourably of him.

Lord H——'s fever did not abate, and his delirium continued for three weeks, during which time Miſs N——'s letter arrived. This Lord Cheſter concealed, flattering himſelf that it might perhaps be only a temporary engagement, which this little abſence might efface. His anxiety however was increaſed, when the phyſician told him that he ſuſpected Lord H——'s recovery was retarded by the uneaſineſs he appeared to have on his mind. Dr. Worthy, who attended him, had always been of opinion that it was neceſſary for gentlemen of his profeſſion, to attend to the peculiar diſpoſitions of the mind and their influence on the body. Should not, my dear Mrs. Roſs, a phyſician be a philoſopher too? For without taking in the con-

contact of the *mind*, can he ever be ſufficiently maſter of his ſubject, the *body*? If he cannot cure anxiety, what ſignifies his correcting of acidities? If he cannot medicine to minds diſeaſed, of what avail are all his alkalis? In conſequence of this manner of acting, Dr. Worthy was not in great repute with the apothecaries.

Lord Cheſter, by his advice, judged a change of place, and ſuch amuſements as he was capable of enjoying, would prove the moſt effectual mean of recovering him. The firſt day he went abroad he was brought home in a fainting fit, ſeized with ſudden paroxyſms; and his life afterwards deſpaired of. Lord Cheſter was informed this relapſe was occaſioned by his ſon's having diſcovered, at Dulwich, that a lady had left a houſe he called at. He then informed Dr. Wor-

thy

thy of the letter he had received, in his ſon's firſt illneſs: and they both thought it neceſſary, upon the firſt interval of Lord H——'s diſeaſe, to break the matter to him by degrees. When they put this deſign in execution, Lord H——'s knees ſmote one againſt the other, a cold dew hung upon his forehead, a thouſand dreadful conſequences crouded upon his imagination; compaſſion, fear, remorſe, and horror, ſhook his whole frame; he could only ſay, "Nought remains for me but to die!" and then ſunk into a long ſwoon. They knew not whether he would ever recover from it. Dr. Worthy ſhed tears: Men ought not to be laughed at for weeping, till we come to a more clear notion of what is imputed to the hardneſs of the head, and the ſoftneſs of the heart.

At length Lord H—— was reſtored; for ſome time he ſeemed to be in a manner ſtupified; a dreadful calm held his ſoul in ſuſpence; his eyes were ſometimes fixed on his father, and ſometimes caſt up to heaven, with a look of ſuch unutterable anguiſh as wrung his heart. At laſt Lord Cheſter aſſured him, if the young lady was of good character, excluſive of her miſconduct with him, that he would permit him to marry her. There are times when all the forms and intereſts of life are nothing, when nature is only heard: Lord Cheſter forgot every thing but his ſon; who graſped his father's hand, and ſaid, "She is Miſs N——, the daughter of Sir Harry N——; in whom the charms of beauty, the graces of the mind, the greateſt dignity of the ſoul, and all the virtues of the human kind, are united. Her love

gave me a new being, in compariſon of which, my former life was a diſguſtful change of the ſame tedious days and nights, an unanimated vegetable exiſtence." Lord H——has been in conſtant ſearch of Miſs N—— ever ſince, although his father has been endeavouring to perſuade him to go to Briſtol, for his health.

How much do I admire Miſs Byron's character!—Mr. Bruce's attachment to *her* ſtrengthens the opinion I had formed of *him*. Nature may have endowed a woman with every charm that can captivate the heart of man; but it is not external beauty which preſerves affection. Virtue, in its moſt comprehenſive ſenſe, can only beſtow the unfading charm, and even compenſate, for the inflictions of ſickneſs, or accidental deformity. Celebrated beauties do not make the beſt wives: having been oft-

en the object of general admiration, the ſober, rational pleaſure, a huſband takes in beholding them, ſometimes appears a ſenſation unworthy of their charms. As the moſt refined and delicate praiſe can make no impreſſion on the great, who are accuſtomed to inceſſant homage, conſequently wholeſome, nay even affectionate truths, will ſound harſh to an ear vitiated by flattery. If a huſband is not able to find in his wife's company thoſe reſources which education and good ſenſe alone can furniſh, it is ſcarcely to be doubted, if he be a man of gallantry, but he will at length grow tired of mere beauty; which I take to be only neceſſary for thoſe living ſtatues in eaſtern countries, ſet a-part for the pleaſures of the great. Yet the nature of man is ſuch, that I queſtion if the ſame offer had been made to Solomon

as was to Paris, if he had not choſe as he did; or perhaps he would rather have acted like the philoſopher Ariſtippus, who, when king Dionyſius offered him his choice of three young ladies, choſe them all, leſt he ſhould provoke any *one* of them, as Paris had done.

I have time to add no more; as Lord H—— is impatient to ſet out—He has promiſed to wait Miſs Byron's inſtructions at York; in order not to hurry, by his ſudden appearance, Miſs N——, in the preſent weak ſtate of health you acquaint me ſhe is in.

I ever am, my dear Mrs. Roſs,

your affectionate,

and ſincere friend,

AMELIA FILMER.

LETTER XXXII.

From Mr. LEWIS, to Sir JAMES BRUCE.

DEAR SIR,

I have the ſatisfaction to be able to give you the moſt agreeable accounts of Lord F——; he is every thing I could wiſh him to be: this I chiefly impute to the example of Mr. Trueman; being very ſenſible of the inſufficiency of precepts oppoſed to the paſſions of youth, eſpecially to one who had once indulged them to exceſs. Man is by nature imitative, and the power of example operates upon him by inſenſible, but reſiſtleſs force. My Lord has overcome temptations that do him honour; has relieved beauty and merit from diſtreſs, without ſeeking any further gratifica-

tion for himſelf, than the conſciouſneſs of acting well: the life of a good man, is a perpetual warfare with his paſſions.

I have conſtantly obſerved to him, that the human ſoul was formed for pleaſures of a higher nature than thoſe that are commonly ſuppoſed to ariſe from love: ſuch as flow from juſtice, truth, virtue, and goodneſs: theſe form a ſolid baſis for happineſs, whereas the chains of beauty are ſlight and eaſily broke. What ought to make every one jealous of this paſſion is, that it owes its riſe, for the moſt part, to *caprice*; in its progreſs ſubverts the power of *reaſon*, and deſtroys all true *conſtancy* and *peace of mind*; the agitations are too violent for our *repoſe*, and its weakneſſes too ſtrong for our *reſolution*: in ſhort the variety of cares and paſſions that attend it, are ſo many quickſands to virtue. My Lord

Lord one day anſwered me thus, "Love and prudence are incompatible, whenever we ſuppoſe the one, the other muſt neceſſarily be excluded. In vain, my good friend, may wiſdom preach, or reaſon dictate, the ſoul will feel! The philoſopher lays down maxims; every body commends them: the moraliſt eſtabliſhes precepts with regard to manners; the world approves them: the preacher declaims from the pulpit againſt the wickedneſs of the times; people acknowledge the ſolidity of his reaſoning: notwithſtanding all this, the paſſions ſtill take their courſe; the vices of mankind conquer philoſophy, morality, religion, and the impulſe of the paſſions bear down the ſtrongeſt conviction of reaſon." I anſwered his Lordſhip, that it would be a labour vain and abſurd, to endeavour abſolutely to

cate paſſions: nature forbids the attempt. The paſſions and affections of our ſouls are abſolutely neceſſary to our happineſs: they are the tools and inſtruments of the mind, wherewith it is to work for procuring our felicity. They are the bond of union that cements mankind together, and we have not a ſingle paſſion which does not (under proper regulations) tend to promote our chief good, our ſupremeſt happineſs.

Love, for inſtance, I mention in particular being the predominate paſſion of youth, authorized by reaſonable proſpects, guided and heightened by duty, is every thing excellent that poets have repreſented it. Yet even this muſt ſubmit to the awful diſpenſations of Providence, whether of death or other diſappointments. And ſuch trials ought to be

be met with chearful reſignation, and not to be the means of embittering our lives, or rendering them uſeleſs. My Lord's time has been principally engroſſed by his ſtudies. The more we occupy the *mind*, the leſs we feel the dangerous neceſſity of finding employment for the *heart*.

He has a good underſtanding, but it is accompanied with a ſtrong imagination, which makes me tremble for him, as the misfortune is, when this is the caſe, that it makes people judge right only, where their own inclinations are not concerned; but when once any violent paſſion interpoſes, it is generally employed to hide and gloſs over all bad conſequences that attend the gratification of it; and to remove difficulties to a man's own deſtruction, which one of

of leſs ſenſe and cooler fancy would never have got over. Stength, either of body or mind, is uſeful only as it is employed. A deep underſtanding in its conſequences is often hurtful; it is men of ſuperior parts who corrupt mankind.

For one who has been inſtructed by their *ſenſe*, millions have been ſeduced by their *prejudice*. Has not a celebrated Scotch writer by his hypotheſes, miſunderſtood by moſt readers, eſſentially hurt the younger people of this age? But to return; the *opinions* of ſuperior geniuſſes, oftener proceed from their *actions*, than their *actions* from their *opinions*. They act *firſt*, and then with great facility reconcile their principles to their *conduct*. What I take to be the primary cauſe of our greateſt errors, is the little attention which is paid to children in infancy.

The

The foundation of moſt of our vices are imbibed at that ſeaſon of life, when we are moſt ſuſceptible of impreſſions. This is the period when the conſtitution both of body and mind, the temper and diſpoſitions of the heart are in a great meaſure formed. Nature, in all other caſes, brings her own works to perfection; but in man ſhe has only laid the foundation of happineſs, and left the completion of it to himſelf. But ſhe has amply provided him with means for the purpoſe, and directed him how to employ them. In infancy it requires the ſtricteſt attention to be paid to the powers of the mind and body, that they neither be allowed to languiſh for want of exerciſe, nor be exerted beyond what they are able to bear. They muſt be diverted from any purſuits which would injure their *healths*, or nouriſh the ſeeds

of

of any dangerous *propenſity*. *Morality* muſt be inſtilled into them before the myſteries of *revelation* is ſtamped upon their tender minds: as it is neceſſary the *foundation* ſhould be prepared before the *building* is erected. Every emotion that is praiſe-worthy ſhould be rewarded, as the encouragement of one *virtuous impulſe* will have a much happier *effect* than the correction of an hundred *faults*. Their mortifications muſt be rendered exceedingly ſevere for equivocation and falſity; but in every point where correction is neceſſary, children muſt be made ſenſible of their errors. It requires no ſmall ſhare of underſtanding in parents, to diſtinguiſh properly whether every miſdemeanour proceeded from a *culpable* emotion before it is *reproved*; for it ſometimes happens, that *wrong* actions may proceed from

laudable

laudable intentions. When children are puniſhed unjuſtly, it is ſeldom that they have it in their power to clear themſelves; and they may probably judge their own *good* emotions to be the *guilty* cauſe, and thereby ſuppreſs a riſing virtue.

How often have I deplored, in particular inſtances, an imprudent mother influenced by her paſſions, both in her fondneſs and ſeverity. Such children may ſay with the poet,

A force de maimer tu me rends miſerable.

One moment the little innocent's bones are almoſt broken for a fault, of which it is ſcarcely ſenſible, and the next fondly cheriſhed to reconcile it to the fooliſh parent.

If children are not made ſteady in trifles, which is the only method of making them know their own minds in matters of conſequence afterwards; is it won-

wonderful that neglect muſt be attended with the natural conſequences, of men becoming infidels, wavering in their opinions? Cruel tyrants, diveſted of every generous feeling, and immoderate in the indulgence of their paſſions?

Improper indulgences cultivate in children an inclination to cruelty, by eradicating that tenderneſs which makes us ſuffer on ſeeing an object in pain. While unreaſonable contradiction excites fretfulneſs, deſtroys their innocent chearfulneſs; and they will conſider ſeverity and violence as the only means by which they are to obtain any point from others, whom they have a future occaſion to contend with. Where reproof is neceſſary, mortification is the beſt means of correction, when the acknowledgement of the fault muſt prove the means of reconciliation. This neceſſarily begets

gets ſhame, and before a diſpoſition is hardened into vice, ſhame will always produce amendment. This alſo gives them an early habit of reflection, and makes them ſenſible of the offence for which they are thus humbled. In ſhort, children ought neither to be rendered unneceſſarily uneaſy, nor ſuffered to pleaſe themſelves by tormenting the meaneſt living creature.

The poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporeal ſuff'rance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

May not the general treatment of animals be accounted for, from the defects of education? It is ſavage beyond all conception. The great moral painter of our time, hath very forcibly expreſſed this truth in a ſeries of prints intitled by him, the *Progreſs of Cruelty*; in

in which, having repreſented a youth advancing by degrees to the higheſt pitch of cruelty, from the torturing of inſects, birds, and beaſts; he at laſt murders a poor girl who loves him, and is with child by him. The artiſt exhibits the dead body of the inhuman wretch undergoing the laſt infliction of the law, amidſt a circle of ſurgeons, who cut and mangle it with as little appearance of pity, as he when alive uſed to ſhew to all different kinds of creatures.

As the education of both ſexes, at the early period I have mentioned, devolves on women; and it is they who have the greateſt influence in that period of life, when the tenderneſs of the mind receives the moſt durable impreſſion; there is hardly to be conceived a greater misfortune, than when theſe impreſſions are improperly ſtamped upon

upon their tender minds. Nothing then can be more unreaſonable, than to debar women from knowledge. Should we not either *improve* them, or *cut off* their power? As nothing can be more abſurd than to beſtow on them an important truſt, without *qualifying* them for the *diſcharge* of it. If in this age ladies have ſome little genius, and have taken pains to cultivate it, they will be thought guilty of *affectation* if they are deſirous to *conceal it*; or *pedantry*, if they are forward in ſhowing it. Can it then be wondered they take ſo little care to improve themſelves? *Self-devoted ſacrifices are now exploded.* In conſequence of this, moſt fine ladies (as they are called) are a compoſition of *whim* and *caprice*; they *love* and *hate*, are *angry* and *pleaſed*, without being able to aſſign a reaſon for either of thoſe paſſions.

If they have a characteriſtic, *it is vanity*; to which every thing elſe ſeems ſubſervient. They no ſooner hear any man talk of the article of *charms*, than like Don Quixote upon that of chivalry, they are incapable of reaſon; and, like Calypſo, in Telemachus, loſe the pleaſure of their numberleſs votaries, if one mortal eſcapes their ſnares. They always affect a great deal of good nature; are hurt very much at the ſight of any object in *bodily pain*, and yet value not how much they rack people's *minds*. Outward form and ceremony conſtitute the whole of their friendſhips; all their acquaintances are valued alike; as each individual ſerves equally to make one at their parties of cards, provided they inherit one of the three qualities, which are abſolutely neceſſary in order to be well received; a *name*, or a *ſplendid ap-*

appearance, to gratify their *vanity*; or to play genteely at cards, that is, to be agreeable by loſing money, and ſo ſacrifice to their avarice; and have not the leaſt concern for the good qualities or well being of any of their friends, extracted from the above conſiderations. Fine ladies pay little regard to their huſbands, children, or their duty; becauſe their attention is confined to themſelves and their amuſements. But what can be expected from women to their huſbands, children to a family, or ſociety in general, that have never ſtudied their duty, nor even learned to think or reflect? for even thought and reflection are to be learned.

Ignorance ſometimes produces more views, than the abuſe of knowledge or the paſſions. An idle mind, like fallow ground, is the ſoil for every weed to

grow in; in *it* vice gathers ſtrength, the ſeed of vanity flouriſhes unmoleſted and luxuriant; diſcontent, malignity, ill-humour ſpread far and wide, and the mind becomes a chaos, which it is impoſſible to reduce into order or beauty. Knowledge is ſo eſſential, that virtue itſelf without it, will be irregular in its movements, and its exertion more confined. Employment is the greateſt antidote againſt depravity of heart: the gloomy and the reſentful are always found among thoſe who have *nothing* to do.

Every rational being has a claim to good ſenſe and all that is intelligible. Reaſon is abſolutely unlimited in her juriſdiction over mankind: we are all born to judge of what concerns and affects us. And if *ſome* cannot ſee the objects of ſenſe with the ſame facility

as

as others, yet *all* have an equal claim to the uſe of their ſenſes. Truth and knowledge, like light and air, are not to be diminiſhed by communication. The contemplation of the beauties of the univerſe, the cordial enjoyments of friendſhip, the tender delights proceeding from an union of hearts, and the rational pleaſures of religion are open to all, of whatever ſex. How various the amuſements that are to be derived both from art and nature? Every thing ſpeaks to and entertains her who is capable of reflection; nothing but a total ſtupidity can make the mind ſkim over a variety of ſuch objects without being affected. If a woman deprives herſelf of theſe fountains, from which only true pleaſure ſprings, may it not be queſtioned whether ſhe has a heart for devotion, humanity, friendſhip and love,

or a taſte for what is truly beautiful and admirable? But let me not blame my fair country-women; the error does not originate with them, as I have already ſaid. We firſt make laws and cuſtoms to deprive them of learning, and then blame *them* for their ignorance. Were women to be treated in a more liberal manner, they would be actuated by a decent pride, a conſcious dignity and ſenſe of their own worth, without which mankind are never found to diſtinguiſh themſelves. The mind of man ſeems always to have adapted itſelf to the different nature of its objects; it is contracted and debaſed by being converſant in little and low things, and feels a proportionable enlargement ariſing from the contemplation of great and ſublime ideas. We find in La Bruyer's characters, "Preſs me into the ſervice as a common

common ſoldier, I am Therſites; put me at the head of an army, I am Achilles." It has been obſerved in regard to the French conſtitution, that was the ſovereign to acquire a more abſolute power than he has, the great cement of affection would be loſt; for with individual conſequence, individual ſpirit would either decline or ferment into faction. The very loweſt of the people in France, who are thrown out of the reach of privilege, and treated like ſlaves, do not fight, either as ſoldiers or ſailors, with the ſpirit and reſolution of thoſe who are inſpired with a higher opinion of their own conſequence; though the rights that animate the latter, are often merely ideal.

In like manner, a woman of generous ſpirit, when ſhe is treated like a friend, will always do honour to that diſtinction;

and a man of noble ſentiments will find himſelf more gratified with the attachment of a woman of merit, than with the obedience of one, who from humility or contracted timidity has become a willing ſlave.

I remain dear ſir,

your obliged friend

and humble ſervant

JAMES LEWIS.

LETTER XXXIII.

From Mrs. Ross, to Lady FILMER.

DEAR MADAM,

I Accompanied Miſs Byron in her viſit to Miſs N——; as I found ſhe was prepoſſeſſed in my favour by my friend,

friend, and would probably on that account reſpect my opinions, I ſuggeſted the poſſibility of Lord H——'s having always been faithful and true to his engagements, notwithſtanding appearances were ſo much againſt him. She ſhook her head, and ſaid, "You, Madam, I find are not fully informed of the circumſtances of my misfortunes, they admit of no doubt." By ſlow degrees however, we unfolded the whole affair. She thanked God, he was worthy, for *his* own ſake. But added, "My dear Miſs Byron, it would have been better for me, that it had been as I apprehended. My affection, if I recover, will induce me to marry him: by complying with my inclinations, how miſerable ſhall I be, if I loſe ſight of my eternal welfare, which ought to be my principle concern. The woman who has

has once ſubmitted to the controul of her paſſions, has reaſon always to be afraid of herſelf. Oh! that I had ſtrength of mind to conquer my affections, retire form the world, and dedicate the remainder of my life to God!

"Had Lord H—— acquainted his father with our attachment, (from his ſubſequent conduct) would he not have granted his conſent to our union? In which caſe all my guilt would have been avoided. The violaters of the ſocial duties are frequently puniſhed by the ſucceſs of their own wiſhes. And it is ſuitable to the divine benignity, as well as juſtice, to lend its ſanctions and puniſhments, in aid of thoſe duties which bind man to man." Miſs Byron has prevailed on Miſs N—— to go this evening to York. This family go there to-morrow, for the race week. I acquainted you already,

already, that Mr. Bruce, with the approbation of her father, has made his addreſſes to Miſs Byron.

Sir James aſked him if he had fully conſidered ſhe was older than himſelf, and that her want of charms might lay his heart open to the attractions of other women? He acknowledged he was by no means inſenſible to beauty; but he diſtinguiſhed between a mechanical inſtinct only, which is in ſome meaſure involuntary, and the determined purpoſes of his ſoul. He aſſured his father he had weighed every thing maturely: that her *perſon* was very *agreeable* to him; and he was convinced her *good ſenſe* would always preſerve his *affection*.

Sir James told his ſon that he was convinced of the prudence of his choice: her

her perfections outweighing infinitely in his eyes the fortunes of thoſe to whom he might have aſpired. When he ſpoke to Miſs Byron, ſhe anſwered, that ſhe was much obliged to him, but that ſhe had now paſſed the ſeaſon of forming ſuch a connection; that a woman of thirty is an old maid, who ſhould entertain no thoughts of marriage; that ſhe was ſufficiently happy in being honoured with his eſteem; and it was impoſſible for her to enjoy any greater happineſs than that, as ſhe muſt be ſenſible it was not likely for her to have inſpired him with other ſentiments; and that ſhe would rejoice in ſeeing him allied more ſuitably. Mr. Bruce has however conquered her reluctance. And Sir James has inſiſted their nuptials ſhall take place the ſame day with his daughter's, that is

in

in three weeks. When Lady Sophia was informed of this, ſhe ſaid, they were two canting fools, very fit for each other; and that they would moralize all day long. "But, added ſhe, all Miſs Byron's rationality, principles, and virtues, are no ſecurity againſt the ſhafts of ridicule. You, and the wiſe ones, goody Roſs (as ſhe often calls me,) forgive every thing but *vice*; the world forgives every thing but what is *ridiculous*. He marries a frightful old woman; I cannot help laughing at the idea of their *tender loves!* to complete the farce, my uncle ſhould marry you." I acquainted her of the mutual paſſion which ſubſiſts between Lady Harriet and Mr. Filmer; and that they were ſoon to be joined in indiſſoluble bands: ſhe affected to make light of it; but I plainly perceived her pride piqued, and I miſtake much if ſhe has

not

not already been drinking at the fountain of Arden *, and if her former love to him is not turned into the moſt complete hatred *that ever converted the milk of a female breaſt into gall.* It is impoſſible for me to expreſs to your Ladyſhip how much I rejoice in Miſs Byron's good fortune. She is one inſtance of *merit* triumphing over *beauty.* But how few men reſemble Mr. Bruce in this particular!

When Sir James read us Mr. Lewis's letter, Mr. Bruce, ſubſcribing entirely to his opinions, told us, that "the gentlemen in France, in all periods of life, and even in the moſt advanced age,

* The two fountains of Arden, enchanted by Merlin the magician; the drinking of one converted love to hatred; and of the other, hatred into the ſtrongeſt paſſion. See Orlando Furioſo, and Spenſer's Fairy Queen.

ſeldom aſſociate with one another, but ſpend all the hours which can be ſpared from buſineſs or ſtudy, with the young, the gay, and the happy. In England they entertain ideas of decorum, which lead them to deſpiſe the manner in which the French ſpend their leiſure hours: but if they ſuppoſe a greater communication with the fair ſex would only promote effiminacy, experience is not on the ſide of their opinion. Slavery is far more generally eſtabliſhed in thoſe countries where the ſexes are debarred a full liberty of mutual intercourſe, than in thoſe where they have the moſt unobſtructed acceſs to each other. Witneſs Aſia, where the women are impriſoned all their lives, and the men are the moſt tame and abject victims to the moſt unbounded and inſolent tyranny. In this country they judge that it is proper for

for perſons of the ſame age, of the ſame ſex, of ſimilar diſpoſitions and purſuits, to aſſociate together; and think the nearer reſemblance in characters, the more perfect will be the union, ſince there is no perſon who has not a moſt ſincere affection for himſelf. The *laſt* I grant, but muſt add, that this ſelf-affection, I fear, will go but a very little way, even in one remove only from the individual. The partiality we have for our *real* ſelves, will not always extend itſelf to our *ſecond* ſelves; and we often commit follies, and indulge humours, in our own *perſons*, which we do not find half ſo excuſable in thoſe of *others*. Neither do I think a ſameneſs of humours, will mix and aſſociate ſo well as their contrarieties; like perfect chords in muſic, they rather *tire* than *enliven*.

" For

"For inſtance, two people are of a melancholy or choleric diſpoſition. How ſhall we enliven the deficiency of bile in the *one*, or correct its ſuperabundance in the *other?* Will not they both *drop aſleep*, or fall together by *the ears?* In ſhort, continued Mr. Bruce, a parity of humours or ſentiments, muſt often render converſation flat and inſipid; and when we meet with nothing new, ſuch a friendſhip muſt ſoon grow *tedious* and *languiſhing*. Whereas if we conſult nature and common ſenſe, we ſhall find that the true propriety and harmony of ſocial life, depends upon the connection of different diſpoſitions and characters judiciouſly blended together.

"Nature regulates all things wiſely, and perhaps more ſuitably to the ſtate of man than we ſuperficially imagine: if all men were *wiſe*, ſociety could not well

ſubſiſt. A mixture of *prudent* and *weak* people have an admirable effect. Difference of taſte makes nothing remain uſeleſs in the world. Nature has rendered us all depending on each other: no one is ſufficient for their own happineſs. Each ſex, each character, each period of life have their various advantages, and diſadvantages; and that union is the happieſt and moſt proper, where wants are mutually ſupplied. A certain mixture in ſociety is as neceſſary to aſſiſt us in diſtinguiſhing good from evil, as ſhades in painting give the delicate character and relief. By aſſociating with the ladies, we acquire a greater facility in bringing our arguments to light. Of what uſe is our learning, if we cannot expreſs it? Or to have our minds ſtored with a confuſed remembrance of an infinity of things, which we have not the art and talents to communi-

municate agreeably? I take the higheſt period of politeneſs in England (and it is of the ſame date in France) to have been the peaceable part of King Charles the firſt's reign; and from what we read of theſe times, the methods then uſed for cultivating converſation, were altogether different from ours; ſeveral ladies, whom we find celebrated by the poets of that age, had aſſemblies at their houſes, where perſons of the beſt underſtanding of both ſexes, met to paſs the evening in diſcourſing upon whatever agreeable ſubjects were ſtarted; and although we are apt to ridicule the ſublime Platonic notions they had in love or friendſhip, I conceive their refinements were grounded upon reaſon, and that a little of the romance is no ill ingredient to preſerve and exalt the dignity of human nature, without which it is apt to dege-

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nerate into every thing that is ſordid, vicious, and low. An intercourſe with the fair *alone* ſoftens, poliſhes, and ſubdues our rough natures: they teach us humanity, politeneſs, chearfulneſs, taſte, and ſentiment; when they may poſſibly gain from ſuch converſation, knowledge, wiſdom, and ſedateneſs.

"Monteſquieu obſerves that libertiniſm is more prevalent in England than gallantry, from the leſs degree of deference and condeſcenſion required in the former. The French formerly debarred from their tournaments all perſons who were accuſed of having talked of the ladies in a ſlighting manner: their conduct in this particular, was not directed by a principle of humanity, or influenced by gallantry, but proceeded from views merely political. They were perſuaded that the greater reſpect is paid to women, the

the more anxious they will be to merit eſteem: and that ſeveral great men, remarkable for elevated ſentiments, would perhaps never have aſpired to that high diſtinction, if an inclination to appear amiable to women had not influenced them to approve themſelves worthy of regard. Plato ſays, "A lover is full of a divinity, which ſpeaks and acts within him; and there is no accompliſhment, no virtue, no heroiſm, which he is not capable of attaining while in this ſtate of inſpiration, and in the ſight of his beloved. And Taſſo tells us,

Ma chi de paventure in altra impreſſa
S'arvien, ch'amor taffide?

But who, inſpir'd by love, can dangers fear?

Love then muſt be a ſure guide to heroiſm, and the experience of all ages

has ſhewn, that hearts inſenſible to *love*, can hardly be enamoured with *virtue*. Why is Marius a *barbarian*; while Cæſar, who was no leſs ambitious, is *adored* at Rome for his clemency, and almoſt makes the Romans forget all the injury he has done them? Livia diveſts Auguſtus of his cruel and bloody temper. Whence the difference between Mahomet II. and Solyman II? Between Lewis XI. and Henry IV? Germanicus, without Agrippina, might perhaps never have been a great warriour. Titus, *abhorred* by the Romans during his conſulſhip, became the lover of Berenice, and ſoon after the *delight* of mankind. Charles VII. owed his courage to the fair Agnes: had it not been for her, the Engliſh to this day might have been maſters of France." We returned Mr. Bruce our thanks for his commentary on

Mr.

Mr. Lewis's letter; and told him, that I could not myſelf help thinking that thoſe men who affected to deſpiſe women, were more induced by *diſappointed* pride or jealouſy, than influenced by wiſdom or nature: no man ever deſpiſed the ſex who was a favourite with them, nor did any one ſpeak contemptuouſly of love, who was conſcious of loving, and being beloved by a woman of merit. Such beings think little, reaſon leſs, ſeldom reflect, and can only be called men by courteſy, or on account of their human ſhape and origin. Did we hear a vicious perſon expreſſing his contempt of honeſty and virtue, which ſhould we think the more meanly of, him or them? In the ſame manner when a ſhallow fop ſneers at what he does not underſtand, when he meets a woman of underſtanding his

low raillery ought to caſt no reflection upon her; but he is to be conſidered as ſunk from the dignity of reaſon, and ſo far degenerate as to make his ignorance his *pride*, which ought to be his *ſhame*. But when men of ſenſe adopt theſe opinions, I am at a loſs how to account for it, except they deſire to keep us in ignorance from the ſame cauſe the Mahometans do their diſciples, who carefully keep them from philoſophy, becauſe no man can admit of their religion, who is previouſly furniſhed with the rules which philoſophers uſe to diſcover truth.

I ever am, dear Madam,

your obliged, and

affectionate friend,

MARY ROSS.

LETTER XXXIV.

From Lady FILMER, to Mrs. Ross.

DEAR MADAM,

I Rejoice at Miſs Byron's good fortune. I am not at all ſurpriſed at Lady Sophia's refuſing her approbation, as it for a moment confers an appearance of ſuperiority which every *little mind* is tempted to *aſſume*. The words *romantic* and *abſurd*, which ſhe applied to Miſs Byron, were expletives by which ſhe expreſſed her diſapprobation of a woman poſſeſſed of qualifications which add to the glory of her ſex. Such is the fate of ſuperlative underſtanding, which meets oppoſition from thoſe whoſe limited capacities cannot reach the extent of its con-

conception. This perhaps is not a very amiable picture of human nature, but is it not a juſt one? No creature, but man, in the world, glory and triumph in the deſtruction of their own ſpecies. Man is the only jarring ſtring that ſpoils the concord of the univerſe. I know, my dear friend, it is a maxim of yours, that we indulge a principle of ſelf-love, even in aſcribing merit to others: in finding fault with them (as I hinted above) do we not do the ſame? For by condemning their errors, we would inſinuate that we are free of them. So true it is that ſelf-love knows how to make an advantage of every thing; and that for, or againſt, is equal to promote its end. Lord H——'s Miſs Caſtor is going to be married to Sir James Freeman. My ſon, knowing I had ſeen her with her lover,

lover, who is an elegant young man, aſked me if *ſhe* was in love with *him?* I anſwered with ſome heat, *it is impoſſible!* ſhe cannot be in love with him: upon his teſtifyng his ſurprize, I could only reply, had you ever ſeen the lady, you would have been of my opinion: her voice and manner is not tinctured with that ſoftneſs and complaiſance with which love graces and ſweetens every expreſſion that his votaries pronounce; and which give riſe to all the ſweet civilities of life. You may recollect the beautiful deſcription in Homer of Venus' zone, in which were woven fond love, and gay deſire, love's ſecret whiſpers, and ſuch perſuaſives as won the wiſeſt to compliance. In the ancient mythology, the Graces were made to preſide over courteſy and outward

ward charms: the aſſigning them this double province, was happily imagined, for civility or the deſire to pleaſe, naturally produces a gracefulneſs of action, and ſpreads over our perſons that *venuſtas*, which is the completion of exterior beauty; while the privation of it has the contrary effect.

Farewel, my dear friend,

ever your's affectionately,

AMELIA FILMER.

LET-

LETTER XXXV.

From Mrs. Ross, to Lady FILMER.

DEAR MADAM, York.

AS Lord H—— has acquainted your Ladyſhip with his meeting with Miſs ——, their affecting reconciliation, &c. it is needleſs for me to add more on that head, only this, that I have procured a houſe, where ſhe can have the attendance of the phyſical people here; and Lord H—— has taken care that every thing ſhould be as commodious as poſſible for her. She has inſiſted on not ſeeing him more whilſt in this ſituation, until ſhe is able enough to accept of your ladyſhip's invitation.

I have been heartily tired of this week, where the continual hurry and noiſe precludes all quiet enjoyment of

of one's ſelf and friends. May it not be juſtly ſaid, that races are meetings where the *men* aſſemble to quarrel about *horſes*, and the *women* about *precedence*. We have been tired with diſputes on both theſe intereſting ſubjects. Lady Sophia has gained three admirers, Lord Dacres, a Scotch Baronet, and a Welſh 'Squire. She has been hitherto indiſcriminate in her attentions, by which means ſhe has encouraged them all. When Lord Dacres introduced Sir James Ramſay to her Ladyſhip, he added, after naming him, that he was not ſo great a fool as he appeared to be. —" That, anſwered Sir James, Madam, is the difference betwixt his Lordſhip and me." Sir James, is a genteel amiable man, poſſeſſed of fine parts, and a pleaſing addreſs; there is a preciſion in his ideas, a force and elegance in

in his expreſſions, and a propriety and noble freedom in his ſentiments and manner, which charms every one that converſes with him. Sir Owen Llewellyn ſays he is deſcended from Llewellyn prince of Wales, defeated by king Edward the Firſt; he accounts none well deſcended that calls him not couſin, and prefers Owen Glendowr before any of the nine worthies. He voucheth Welſh a pure and uncorrupted language; and courts Lady Sophia with a tree of his family. She has affected all along to be much amuſed with Mr. Bruce's attachment for Miſs Byron; he came into the library and aſked Lady Sophia where ſhe was? who anſwered,

Conoſce rollo a i fiori
Ove ſaran, piu folti

Or,

Or,

Conoſcarollo, a l'aure
Ove ſaran piu dolce.

By the flowers will be ſeen
The ſweet path where ſhe has been.

Or,

When I breathe the ſweeter air,
I ſhall know ſhe has been there.

BONARELLI's Filli de Sciro.

Then courteſying very low to Mr. Bruce, ſaid, "The fair one whom you enquire for, is retired to the garden." Lady Sophia is in high ſpirits, and plays off her three lovers one againſt the other. She has really a great deal of *quickneſs* and *wit*; what a pity it is, ſhe has not a *heart*. Lord Dacres the other day was ſaying he had been robbed lately of money and bills to a great amount; but what was worſe, there was a great many *billet doux* which he had then regretted, although they were now indifferent to him,

him, bowing to Lady Sophia. "The worſt of it is, my Lord, (anſwered ſhe,) *it is ten to one but theſe rogues will know the hand.*" In ſaying this, ſhe looked intelligently on Sir Owen, who was tranſported with this diſtinction. The folly of *others* is always moſt conſpicuous to thoſe who are the moſt *fooliſh themſelves.* And if any *one* perſon is more ſilly than the *reſt*, thoſe who in company approach in the next degree to *them*, always deſpiſe them the *moſt.*

Sir Owen Llewellyn being in high ſpirits, began to be very loquacious upon his favourite ſubject, the antiquity and grandeur of Wales. Expatiating upon the magnificence of their buildings, palaces, cities, and fortreſſes; Caerphilly caſtle, in Glamorganſhire, he ſaid, was once not inferior to that of Windſor; and no building could ever vie

with the cathedral of St. David's, which was once the metropolitan ſee of Wales, and is ſtill a biſhoprick. Sir James Ramſay, begging Sir Owen's pardon, aſked him if the laſt mentioned building was not half demoliſhed; "and has not St. David's (ſaid he) few houſes, and although a city, is it not without a market?" He anſwered, that if there were any ruins, they were ſufficient monuments of ancient magnificence.

Lord Dacres enjoyed Sir Owen's embarraſſment, and began to diſplay his knowledge in architecture. Men are frequently moſt deſirous of talking on ſubjects they leaſt underſtand; perhaps for the ſame reaſon that ladies at ninety-nine affect to have the tooth-ach. Lord Dacres talked of the new Capitol at Rome, built by Michael Angelo; the palaces of Borgheſe, Æuſpoli, Corſini,

Corſini, and Barbarini; and ran on as a boy had been repeating his leſſon. Sir James Ramſay and Mr. Bruce ſmiled and ſaid nothing. Lady Sophia has attached herſelf to a Miſs Ridley ſhe met at the races, who it ſeems had been at ſchool with her; ſhe is a perſon of no faſhion, and of coquetiſh manners. It was in vain for her uncle to acquaint her, that the world forms its judgment of people from their connections; and that her youth will not permit her to have any that are ſuſpicious or exceptionable. Thus commenced an acquaintance which is the moſt likely of all others to laſt, between *ſuperior* and *inferior* people; that is, when the advantage is on all the former ſide. For Miſs Ridley is very *ugly*, which affords Lady Sophia more pleaſure in converſation, than the intimacy of one of the moſt ſuperior talents. Is it not

highly abſurd to boaſt of an advantage which we poſſeſs without any effort or deſert of our own; or to be jealous of the beauty of another; of a quality to which we can add nothing by our ſolicitude, and from which detraction can take nothing away? Now, my dear friend, I am to acquaint you with an affair that will perhaps ſurpriſe you.—Sir James, in ſpeaking to me of his ſon's marriage, and of the rational delight attending an union with a ſenſible woman, ſaid, that he believed the happieſt marriages were, where people had a high eſteem for each other, excluſive of the perturbations of love, eſpecially in an advanced age. That he had had the ſupreme felicity of being united to the woman of his heart; one of the moſt amiable of human beings! But that the inexpreſſible uneaſineſs he had undergone

dergone in his mind for ſo many years, on account of the afflicted ſtate of this beloved object, had embittered his hap-happineſs for the beſt part of his life. "Our fear of giving each other pain, ſaid he, was attended with conſtant mutual uneaſineſs." If ſhe had had the ſmalleſt complaint he was miſerable. I could not help here telling him, that tenderneſs for woman is ſo far from leſſening, that it proves a true manly character*.

Sir James ſaid my compliment flattered him very much; and added, after the above declaration, "Madam to a great many of your ſex, it would be a bad compliment to ſay, that though my heart can never be again affected *by love*, yet you are the firſt woman in *my eſteem*; I wiſh to make you my wife, and to prove

* An orator in the Houſe laſt winter ſaid, that bravery and compaſſion were aſſociate virtues.

the ſincerity of my profeſſions from my conduct. Between people of our time of life, there ought to be no diſguiſe; we ſhould be explicit with one another." I bowed: I love not to make diſqualifying ſpeeches; by ſuch we ſeem to intimate that we doubt the truth of the aſſertion, and want to have it either *repeated* or *confirmed.*

I told Sir James he did me a great deal of honour; that marriage was a ſtate into which I had never thought of entering again; but that I ſhould endeavour to recollect myſelf, and anſwer him fully in a day or two. When we next met, I acquainted him with my whole hiſtory, connections, &c. &c. of which I had never taken any notice before. I gave him a ſhort, but ſuccinct account of my affairs; I found his good opinion increaſed by my frankneſs. I then told him, that he was perfectly agree-

agreeable to me, that eſteem heightened by gratitude and enforced by duty, would ſoon ripen into love; the only love that ſuits this imperfect ſtate, a *faithful*, a tender affection.

There is a ſuperior ardour, my dear Lady Filmer, due only to ſupreme perfection; and only to be exerciſed by us mortal creatures in humble devotion. But where duty and reaſon are perfectly reconciled, affection will inſtantly unite itſelf to them; and then obedience will become not only an eaſy, but a delightful taſk.

What language, my dear and reſpectable friend, is ſtrong enough to teſtify my gratiude to you? Deſerted by my neareſt and deareſt relations, you was my *ſupport*, my *comfort*, my ſtay. May the mercies of God be multiplied upon you a hundred fold. When the

clouds of ſorrow gather over us, we ſee nothing beyond them, nor can we imagine how they will be diſpelled. Yet a new day ſucceeds to the night, and ſorrow is never long without a dawn of eaſe. I am now convinced from my own experience, that they who reſtrain themſelves from receiving comfort, do as the ſavages would have done, had they put out their eyes when it was dark.

Sir James's goodneſs extends itſelf to my ſon's intereſt. He goes to Scotland to-morrow on account of Lord F——'s buſineſs, when he is to put my ſon's affairs *en train*. He is intimately acquainted with moſt of my relations, to whom he is to take no notice of me. Lady Sophia has declared for Lord Dacres; the other lovers are diſmiſſed. Sir James Ramſay I believe was not very much

much diſappointed. A reflecting man like him ſoon develops characters: he ſeems much taken with the amiable Lucy, Sir James's youngeſt daughter; love, like her, is repreſented timid, reſerved, ſerious.

I love to ſee nature and graces in their native ſimplicity; and theſe are now generally neglected. Theſe graces which are obtained by art, have always an air of affectation and conſtraint. Under a ſmiling countenance, under that air of youth which ſeems to promiſe only ſentiments of gayety and pleaſure, this charming girl conceals a ſolid and ſerious ſenſe of things, with which every body who knows her intimately is ſurpriſed.

I am ever, dear Madam,

your Ladſhip's affectionate

and much obliged

humble ſervant

MARY ROSS.

LETTER XXXVI.

From the Same, to the Same.

DEAR MADAM,

SIR James thought it proper to ſhew Lady Sophia the letters he had received concerning Lord Dacres, at the time he had payed his addreſſes to Lady Harriet. She read them with great attention, and then cooly replied, ſhe was ſure Lord Dacres would not uſe a virtuous woman *ill*; and ſhe did not doubt, but *her* conduct would make him behave *well*. That truly, if forward girls would throw themſelves into a man's way, it was their own fault, and they muſt look to the conſequence. That for her part, it was a proof to her of his gallantry and ſpirit, and ſhe imputed

puted what his tutor had ſaid of him to malice, and the other gentleman's remarks to envy. In ſhort, Lady Sophia is one of thoſe women, who, like the ſavages, eſteem a man in the greateſt degree, who is moſt covered with frightful ſcars; who love a man only in proportion to the number of women he has ruined. She pretends to have fallen in love with him, the firſt day ſhe ſaw him. Love, my dear Lady Sophia ſaid I, at firſt ſight muſt indicate a mind *prepared* for impreſſion, and a ſudden guſt of paſſion, and that of the leaſt noble kind, ſince you had reaſon to doubt the merit of the object. What woman in ſuch circumſtances would have herſelf ſuppoſed capable of it? In a man it is an indelicate paroxyſm; but in a woman, who expects protection from a man, much more ſo. In ſhort, they are to be mar-

married at the ſame time the other marriages, which are to take place in this family, are ſolemnized.

I could not help hinting to Lady Sophia, how ſhort the acquaintance had been between her and her lover.—"To play the tyrant before marriage (anſwered her ſagacious Ladyſhip,) is but a bad claim for indulgence afterwards." Lord Dacres is the delight of all the ſervants, he ſtrews his ſilver to the mob in the ſtreets of York. I know no virtue, the want of which may with reſpect to all its advantages, be ſo well ſupplied by vice, as generoſity; vanity *almoſt alone*, will ſometimes perform all its functions.

We have been viſited by all the people of faſhion in the neighbourhood: I refrain from characteriſing any, but thoſe whom you are particularly intereſted in; being

being convinced that you diſlike a *malicious inſinuation*, as much as you approve an *intereſting hint*; therefore ſpare even *thoſe* who will not *ſpare themſelves*. I cannot help however, making a general remark: I do not admire the Yorkſhire Ladies, they reſemble Amazons too much to pleaſe me; conſtantly riding, and leaping four-barred gates, &c. The other day we were walking on the fine lawn before the houſe, where a flock of ſheep continually graze, the gentle Lucy was feeding ſome of her favourites, whom ſhe has taught to anſwer by their names; this put me in mind of Dyer's poem, The Fleece, which I ſaid was ſo tender that it excited the moſt exquiſite feelings. I repeated them, and as I think they will be agreeable to you, I ſhall now write them, although I ſometimes am ſo free with my quotations, that one would

ſuppoſe

ſuppoſe you was interdicted from reading any thing but what proceeded from my pen.

Ah! gentle ſhepherd, thine the lot to tend;
Of all that feel diſtreſs, the moſt aſſail'd,
Feeble, defenceleſs, lenient be thy care.
But ſpread around thy tend'reſt diligence
In flow'ry ſpring-time, when the new-dropt lamb,
Tott'ring with weakneſs by his mother's ſide,
Feels the freſh world about him; and each thorn,
Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet;
O guard his meek ſweet innocence from all
Th' innumerous ills that ruſh around his life;
Mark the quick kite with beak and talons prone,
Circling the ſkies to ſnatch him from the plain:
Obſerve the lurking crows; beware the brakes;
There the ſly fox the careleſs minute waits;
Nor truſt thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor ſky;
Thy boſom to a thouſand cares divide.
Eurus oft flings his hail; the tardy fields
Pay not their promis'd food; and oft the dam
O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,
Or fails to guard, when the bold bird of prey
Alights, and hops in many turns around,
And tires her alſo turning; to her aid
Be nimble, and the weakeſt in thine arms
Gently convey to the warm cote, and oft,

Be-

Between the lark's note and the nightingale's,
His hungry bleating ſtill, with limpid milk;
In this ſoft office may thy children join,
And charitable habits learn in ſport:
Nor yield him to himſelf, ere vernal airs
Sprinkle thy little croft with daiſy flow'rs;
Nor yet forget him; life has riſing ills:
Various as æther is the paſt'ral care.

Theſe verſes were much approved of, and I was admiring the docility of the ſheep, and expreſſing my aſtoniſhment at their anſwering to their names, when Sir James Ramſay acquainted us, that Dr. Hammond ſays, the ſhepherds of Jewry knew every ſheep ſeverally. This he clearly deduces from theſe words, St. John x. 3, 4. *To him the porter openeth the door, and the ſheep hear his voice; and he calleth his own ſheep by name, and leadeth them out: and when he putteth forth his own ſheep he goeth before them, and the ſheep follow him, becauſe they knew his*

his voice. That the ſhepherds gave them their names, alſo appears from a paſſage in Theocritus, Id. v. L. 103, 104. where a ſhepherd calls three of his ſheep by their names. "Theſe (added Sir James) only appear ſtrange to us, becauſe we are too much eſtranged from nature, to think of ſuch paſtimes as the lovely Miſs Lucy does." Thus agreeably were we engaged, when we were broke in upon by two of theſe *lady hunters*, arrayed in their riding dreſſes, and bragging they had been in at the death. I could not help thinking how much theſe ladies would reliſh being preſent at a bull-fight in Spain. The contraſt was too great between them and Miſs Lucy, not to ſtrike us with admiration of the latter. After they were gone, Sir James Ramſay aſked her if ſhe approved of their ſentiments; ſhe anſwered modeſtly, it did

not

not become her to cenſure or diſapprove of any body, but ſhe could not help contraſting them with the character of Jaques in As You Like it, who weeps and comments upon the *ſobbing deer*, when he ſays,

> The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,
> That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
> Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears
> Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
> In piteous chaſe.

We were quite charmed with her ſentiments, and told her ſo: ſhe only anſwered, her nature muſt have been bad to have poſſeſſed any other; "For (ſaid ſhe) have I not been bred in the ſchool of humanity? my father is the friend of the poor, and the comforter of the afflicted: his aſylum for his old ſervants, and thoſe who are incapable, from deformity, of doing any thing for themſelves, I be-

lieve you never yet ſaw: he has adjoining to this, appropriated ground, where horſes, once ſerviceable to him, enjoy through his indulgence the paſtures, with an immunity from labour. There are alſo various other dumb creatures in the ſame place."

This account excited our curioſity, and the more as we never heard it mentioned before, although ſo long in the houſe. We walked thither: it is in the back part of the park (although it would have been a pretty ornament in view) to prevent any appearance of oſtentation. Nothing indeed here is calculated merely for ſhow and parade; nor were ſuch idle expences admitted into that conſummate plan which regulated the ſtructure of the univerſe. A learned clergyman, who is blind, reſides in this aſylum. Every ſervant who has lived in the

the family ten years, at the age of ſixty is received into it. And every object in this, and the two next pariſhes, that are incapable from deformity of procuring their own livelihood, here find their dwelling: there are only three at preſent. According to Sir William Petty's calculations, there are not in nature any more than one in five hundred that are ſo crippled and deformed as not to be able to get their bread. And it is well known that there are more deformed men born in a century, than deformed brutes ſince the creation! How conſiderate is Providence! Creatures which participate moſt of the material and leaſt of the ſpiritual nature, neceſſarily require the corporeal talents in a higher degree. Brutes having therefore greater endowments of body than men, are intended for their uſe. God and nature

do nothing in vain, nothing is ſuperfluous. As men have the ſuperiority over brutes in the mental faculties, let them apply their bodily excellencies in promoting beneficial uſes to ſociety: while men may ſupply the deficiencies in themſelves, by art and ſkill, which are the fruit of knowledge, reaſon, and underſtanding. But who can refrain from aſtoniſhment and pity, when he looks around him, to find ſo many of his own ſpecies ſo little humaniſed, as ſcarce to differ from brutes; yet arrogate a ſuperiority *over* them, while they debaſe themſelves *below* them? Far be it from me to reproach any part of mankind, for employing themſelves in the neceſſary, though laborious offices of life; there muſt be *hewers* of *wood*, and *drawers* of *water*; yet even people of this claſs deſerve reprehenſion, as

their

their buſineſs need not engroſs their whole thoughts. How many millions are employed merely in performing the buſineſs of horſes, and beaſts of burden; or works that require more labour of body than exerciſe of mind? Brutes ſhould ſupply the labour of man, but let us never forget humanity to ſubordinate animals. God graciouſly extends his care to all his creatures, even to the loweſt reptiles and inſects. When reaſon appears only in the exertion of wanton cruelty and tyrannical oppreſſion, it is really not a gift to be boaſted of. When a man forces the furious ſteed to endure the bit, or breaks oxen to the yoke, the great benefits accruing to ſociety excuſes the forcible methods by which it is accompliſhed: but to ſee a man from the vain deſire of having in his poſſeſſion the native of another coun-

try, and another climate, reduce a fine and noble creature to miſery, and confining him within narrow incloſures, whoſe happineſs conſiſted in unbounded liberty, muſt ſhock the nature of every one endowed with a feeling heart.

Such are the fate of many noble animals, purchaſed by wealth for the amuſement of fools; who eſtimate every thing according to *what it coſts:* therefore prefer *heterogeneous* plants and *exotic* animals, to thoſe of their own country*. Does not this obſervation

* The goodneſs of God, beſtows on every country remedies for the diſeaſes that ordinarily reign in them. It is the ingratitude of men, to deſpiſe the riches and gifts of nature they have at home, and ſeek for them abroad. The perfection of botany conſiſts in entering into, and following that order God has eſtabliſhed; and in teaching men to be contented with the plants that grow under their eyes, and which they trample under foot.

ex-

extend itſelf to muſic? "We run mad (ſays a favourite author†), or rather fooliſh, after this imported muſic (ſpeaking of the Italian opera), while we have much better of our own. Moſt of the modern Italian compoſitions only trifle with the ear; the Welſh, the Scotch, and the Iriſh muſic, reach the heart. The productions of our preſent Italian maſters, are thrummed over for a ſeaſon becauſe they are new, and forgot for ever afterwards; becauſe when you have heard them twenty times, you find them ſtill as inſipid as at firſt.

The muſic which charmed theſe iſlands, perhaps long before the boaſted revival of this art in Italy, or rather in Flanders, is as eſtabliſhed as the ancient claſſics; and theſe compoſitions, ſhort and ſimple as they are, never be-

† Launcelot Temple.

come thread-bare, but give delight and rapture every time they are heard."

Mr. Bruce acquaints me that when he was in Italy, the *dilettante* there were much pleaſed with Scotch Muſic, which the celebrated author of the Secchio Rapeta, warmly recommends. He ſays they imagined they had been compoſed by David Rizzio*, but this he convinced them was highly improbable; there is a peculiarity in the ſtyle of Scotch melody, which foreigners even of great knowledge in muſic, and after a long reſidence in Scotland, never could imitate with ſucceſs. The wildeſt of them, which bid defiance to all rules of modern counterpoint, are generally the moſt powerfully affecting; and no mu-

* Lord Kaims acquaints us they were compoſed by King James I. which ſeems much more probable. It is poſſible indeed they may have been modified by David Rizzio.

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ſic can be more plaintive, or expreſſive of that tenderneſs and pleaſing melancholy attendant on unfortunate love. Theſe were ſung by the bards; whoſe profeſſion, in the Highlands of Scotland, was upheld in ſome degree of honour till this century: about which time the communication of the inhabitants with the more civilized parts of the kingdom, by degrees aſſimilated their manners to thoſe of their neighbours; by which means the bard's profeſſion became extinct *. As you have hitherto indulged me in throwing out my thoughts on paper without order, method, or perſpecuity, I am afraid, my

* About the cloſe of the laſt century, John Glas, and John Macdonald, bards by profeſſion, who reſided in the houſes of two Highland chiefs, travelled fifty miles, and met by appointment in Lochaber, to vindicate their own honour, and that of their reſpective chiefs, at a public meeting, in a poetical and muſical conteſt.

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fondneſs for Scotch muſic has made me treſpaſs on your patience: but I know you will agree with me in thinking that *muſic*, like all the ſciences whoſe ſtandard is in nature, can only be corrupted by the profeſſors or learned in that art becauſe the ſenſe of the untutored part of mankind is the true ſtandard, and can never be wrong. It has always been an art of more importance in uncultivated than civilized nations: among the former we always find it intimately connected with poetry and dancing; and it appears by the teſtimony of many ancient authors ‡, that Muſic (in the original ſenſe of the word) implies melody, dance, and ſong: by theſe almoſt all barbarous nations in every age, in every climate, have expreſſed all ſtrong emotions of the mind.

‡ See Plato and Athenæus.

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The moſt affecting paſſages in favourite authors owe their excellence to ſimplicity alone: but at preſent, the ableſt muſicians are led by a falſe emulation of diſplaying a maſterly hand, to introduce the *extravagante*; while they neglect the wild graces, the nobly plaintive ſtrains, the ſounds that charm, that elevate the ſoul, and aſſuage the petulent cares of this life, that inſpire us with golden viſions, and generate thoſe that we were never before conſcious of.

Lady Sophia queſtioned me whether Sir James had made his addreſſes to me: I offered not to put a limit to her conjectures; ſince denial, or evaſion, would but, as it generally does, defeat its own end, and *ſtrengthen* what it aimed to *weaken*. She told me ſhe rejoiced at my good fortune; and I believe is ſincere: I doubt not however, but ſhe wonders at her uncle's condeſcenſion,

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for it is plain ſhe ever conſidered me in character of a *toad-eater*. Her ladyſhip will now find, that I am nearly connected with that family to whom ſhe is going to be allied.

How diſagreeable it is, my dear madam, to live in a ſtation, for which habits in our early education have utterly diſqualified us. This, by your goodneſs, I have been preſerved from, but I have occaſionally even found my pride revolt at not being able to carry conſequence enough by mere outſide, or to conciliate the regard of the world by any other than internal qualities, often liable to the ſuſpicion of affectation, and always of little conſideration in the eyes of thoſe who poſſeſs them not. If I have tired your patience, the approbation you gave my former letters have made me continue my *reveries*. I am not ignorant that ſuperior geniuſes

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ſometimes take pleaſure in encouraging the inferior, by ſmiles of applauſe.

I am ever

your Ladyſhip's affectionate

and obliged friend,

MARY ROSS.

LETTER XXXVII.

From the Same, to the Same.

DEAR MADAM,

I Have now the pleaſure to inform your Ladyſhip that the marriages were celebrated a week ago. We have paſſed the laſt three days at Moſs-Caſtle, with Mr. and Mrs. Moſs. Lord and Lady Dacres ſet out this morning with a grand retinue to the ſeat of the Duke of A——, who

who is confined with the gout. She has carried Miſs Ridley along with her, who is a compound of ignorance and ſelf-ſufficiency: ſhe cannot come up to Lady Dacres in the ſprightly ſallies of her converſation, and therefore, with greater *penetration*, has found out an eaſier way to be *like her*; and is ſo very humble as to imitate her in her failings; and has all *her malignity* without her *wit*. The Scotch and Welſh baronets payed their compliments after the marriage. Sir Owen Llewellyn has deſcended to the *baronet*'s daughter, as the *earl*'s had denied him, but has found her equally cruel. Sir James Ramſay, whom I believe is *really* in love with her, ſhewed more delicacy. He acquainted Mrs. Bruce of his ſentiments, but that he could not with propriety, addreſs one lady ſo ſoon after *another*; though the

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terror he was in of any other man's precluding his hopes, was alarming to him. Mrs. Bruce adviſed him on that account to ſpeak to Miſs Bruce: he anſwered, that her reſerve had inſpired him with an awe he could not conquer. Whenever the heart is deeply affected, I believe there is always this difference, ſaid he, "But you did not, replied, Mrs. Bruce, appear to have much of this *mauvaiſe honte* with Lady Dacres." "Ah! Madam, ſaid he, how different *are* my *feelings!* In the firſt inſtance, my heart was perfectly at *eaſe*, though under the influence of the lady's *charms*; it is ſo *engroſſed* at preſent by the object of its tendereſt affections, that it has not leiſure to trifle before her." Gaiety implies a vacancy of thought. "Fear, ſays an elegant writer, always accompanies love when it is great, as flames burn higheſt when

when they tremble moſt." Sir James Bruce was highly pleaſed to hear of this *tendre*, but this amiable man has not been ſo happy as to touch the heart of the gentle Lucy, although ſhe has the moſt perfect eſteem for him.

I am ever, dear Madam,

your Ladyſhip's affectionate

and obliged friend,

MARY ROSS.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.